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No. 21

## A DREAM.

BY C. K. C. WARNER.

Light on the clover and in heaven—  
A Summer day;  
A distant bell that chimes eleven  
And dies away;  
A buzzing honey-laden bee  
That darts above a scented flow'r;  
A stretch of moorland to the sea;  
A sunny world, a Summer hour.

A cloud, a tear, a storm, a sigh,  
A troubled sea;  
A little streamlet slipping by  
'Twixt you and me;  
A silver thread along the moor  
That widened to a mighty stream;  
An empty heart, a fast-closed door;  
A Summer grief—a Summer dream.

## HEART AND RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID."

"MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN  
THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES  
AND RED," "ONLY ONE  
LOVE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Doris came down from her room the next morning, it did not seem as if the tremendous excitement of the preceding night had left any baleful effects. In her soft white dress, she still looked more like a schoolgirl home for the holidays than the tragedienne who had, a few hours ago, moved a vast audience to tears and wild enthusiasm.

She came into the room singing, just as the birds sang under the eaves by her window, and laughed lightly as she saw Jeffrey bending earnestly over a copy of the local daily paper.

"Well, have I got a tremendous slating, Jeffrey?" she said almost carelessly.

"Slating!" he replied. "If anything, it is too laudatory: read it!" and he held it out to her.

"After breakfast; I am so hungry," she contentedly. "Read it to me, Jeffrey; all the nicest paragraphs," and she laughed again.

He glanced at Doris under his heavy brows.

"At any rate, your success has not made you vain, Doris," he said with grim approval.

"If it should make anyone vain, it should you—not me, dear," she said quietly. "It was you made last night's Juliet, good or bad."

"Very well," he said; "I'll be vain for both of us. Yes, it is a wonderfully good critique, and I think the news of your success will reach London, too. There were a couple of critics from London in the stalls; I didn't tell you last night, in case it should make you nervous."

She looked at him thoughtfully. "I don't think it would have made much difference," she said. "I seemed to forget everybody and everything."

"After the second act," he put in.

She blushed to her temples.

"There was a distinct change then: I noticed it, and I have been puzzling my brain to account for it. Perhaps you can explain it."

She shook her head, and kept her eyes fixed on her plate.

"No? Strange. But such inspirations are not uncommon with genius: and yours is genius, Doris."

"Don't frighten me, Jeffrey," she said with a faint smile.

"I have agreed with Brown, the manager," he went on, "that you should play 'Juliet' for a week, and after that some

other of the big characters for a month, and he is to pay you fifty dollars a week."

Doris looked up surprised. Fifty dollars per week is a large sum for merely provincial actresses.

He smiled grimly.

"You think it a great deal? In a day or two you will get offers from London of twenty, thirty, forty pounds. But I am in no hurry. I have not been in a hurry all through. I want you to feel your feet, to feel secure in all the big parts here in the provinces before you appear in London. Then your success will be assured whatever you may undertake."

"You think of everything, Jeffrey," she said gratefully.

"I have nothing else to think of, nothing else to tell you!" he responded quietly, almost pathetically. "I have set my heart upon you being a great actress and—" he paused—"I think it would break, if you failed. But there is no need to speak of failure after last night."

He got up as he spoke and folded the newspaper.

"I'm going down to the theatre," he said; he was never quite contented away from it. "You'd better look over your part this morning. Take it into the open air as you did the other day: it seems to succeed."

"Very well," she said obediently. He put on his hat and the thick overcoat he wore in all weathers, and went away, and Doris sat looking dreamily before her.

Then, suddenly, she got up. She would take his advice and go into the meadows—for the meadows meant the open air to her—and as she was going she would take Cecil Neville's handkerchief and place it on the bank as he had requested.

She put on her hat and jacket, and, possibly for the convenience of carrying, thrust the handkerchief in the bosom of her dress, where it lay hidden all the preceding day, and started.

It was a glorious morning, with only a feather of cloud here and there in the sky, and the birds sang as if winter were an unknown season in this England of cold.

With her stage copy of "Romeo and Juliet" under her arm, Doris Marlowe, the simple child of nature, the famous actress, made her way to the meadows.

The Barton folks have something else to do than wander in their meadows, and Doris did not meet a soul; the great elms, which threw their shadows over the brook, were as solitary as if they had been planted in Eden. But lonely as the spot was, Doris peopled it with memories; and she stood by the brook, and recalled the vision of the powerful figure on the great horse, as it appeared before her the moment prior to its being hurled at her feet.

"How strange that he should have been at the theatre last night!" she thought.

"How curious it must have seemed to him, seeing me there as Juliet! I wonder whether he was sorry or glad!"

She could not answer the question to her satisfaction, but she stood motionless for a moment or two, recalling the words he had spoken as he stood beside the fly last night.

Then she took the handkerchief from her bosom, and, folding it with careful neatness, placed it on the bank where she had sat.

"It is not likely that anyone will come here before he comes to fetch it this afternoon," she said.

Almost before the words were out of her lips, a stalwart form leapt the hedge, and stood before her.

Doris started and her face flushed, then, pale and composed, she lifted her eyes to him.

"Well, now!" he said, in humble apology. "I seem fated to startle you, Miss

Marlowe. I had no idea you were here,—" he stopped, awed to silence by her silence.

"You said you would come for it in the afternoon," she remarked, almost coldly. He colored.

"Yes, I know; but I could not come this afternoon, and I thought—" he stopped, and raised his frank eyes to her face pleadingly.

"You thought?" she said very gravely, her brows drawn together slightly.

"Well," he said, as if with an effort, "I will tell the truth! I thought that if I came this morning I might meet you. It was just a chance. Are you angry?"

She was silent a moment. Was she angry? She felt that she ought to be; she had a suspicion that he had, so to speak, entrapped her into a meeting with him; and she honestly tried to be angry.

"It does not matter," she said at last, very coldly. "There is your handkerchief."

He picked it up and thrust it in his pocket.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" he said gratefully. She turned to go, with a slight inclination of her head, but he went on, speaking hurriedly and so earnestly, that she paused, her head half turned over her shoulder, her eyes cast down: an attitude so full of grace that it almost drove what he was going to say out of his head. "I don't deserve that you should have brought it."

"I don't think you do," she assented, a faint smile curving her lips at his ingenuities.

"I dare say you think it strange that I didn't ask you to send it to the Towers?" he went on. "You know you would not let me call at your place for it," he added apologetically.

"Why did you not let me send it?" she asked, with faint curiosity.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "Won't you sit down and rest? It's warm this morning, and you have walked far, perhaps."

She hesitated a moment, then sat down, almost on the spot she had sat the preceding day, and Cecil Neville could not help a wild wish rushing to his heart that he was once again lying at her feet!

He sat down on the bank, as near to her as he dared, and leant on his elbow towards her.

"You see, I'm only a visitor at the Towers. The marquise—that's my uncle, you know—"

"I didn't know," she said, with a faint smile, her eyes fixed dreamily on her book.

"Of course not," he assented. "Well, we don't get on together. He is—not to put too fine a point on it—about as disagreeable a personage as you'd find in two days' walk! We never have got on together. They say that a man always hates the fellow who is to come after him, unless it happens to be his own son; and I suppose that's the reason the marquise hates me—"

gesture. "But I know you must have something else to think of than the fellow who was such an idiot as to jump a hedge before he saw what was on the other side; and, of course, you must have no end of—of people round you!"

"But I have not! You are quite wrong," she said, with her sweet, thoughtful smile. "I live with an old friend, who has been like a father to me! I haven't any father or mother, and I see no one, except at the theatre, and then only in the way of business," and she laughed.

He listened as if every word she dropped from her sweetly curved lips were a pearl. "How strange it sounds! You so clever and beautiful—so great an actress."

"Yes," she said dreamily; "I suppose it does sound strange! Everybody thinks that an actress must be the gayest of the gay; surrounded by light-hearted people, turning night into day, and living on champagne and roast chicken." She smiled. "Jeffrey and I know scarcely anyone, and I do not think I have tasted champagne, excepting once, when one of the managers had a benefit; and we go straight to bed directly we get home from the theatre; and, oh, it is quite different to what people imagine."

He drew forward a little, so that the hand upon which he leaned nearly touched the edge of her cotton dress.

"And—and you didn't quite forget our strange meeting?"

"I am not in the habit of seeing gentlemen flung from their horses at my feet, Lord Neville," she said, but she turned her head from him.

"And I," he said. "Why, I have not been able to get it out of my head! I thought of you every minute; and I tried not to, because—"

"Because?" she said. "Pray go on!" and she smiled.

"Well," he said modestly, "because it seemed like presumption. And then I went to the theatre, and—" he stopped. "For a moment or two I couldn't believe that it was really you on the stage there. And when the people in the theatre began to shout out your name, it woke me from a kind of dream."

She smiled in silence, then she made a movement threatening her departure.

"Ah, wait a little while!" he pleaded. "It is delightful here in the sunshine. Don't go for a minute or two. I wish—" he stopped.

"What is it you wish?" she asked, regarding him with smiling eyes that drooped under his ardent ones.

"Well," he said, "I wish that you would let me go home with you and see Mr. Jeffrey."

"Jeffrey Flint," she said. She shook her head. "He sees no one, makes no acquaintances. He—he is very reserved."

Speaking of him reminded her of the fact that he would strongly disapprove of her interview with the strange young gentleman. She rose.

"I must go now," she said. "I have not asked whether you were hurt by your fall, Lord Neville, but I hope you were not."

"Must you go?" he said, ignoring the rest of her sentence as of no account. "We seem to have been talking only a few minutes! And there was such a lot that I wanted to say! I wanted to tell you all that I thought when I saw you last night; but I couldn't! If I had the chance, because I am a perfect idiot when it comes to expressing myself. But I do think it was wonderful! Are you going to play to-night? But of course you are."

"Yes," she said, absently, "I play to-night. I play every night!"

"I shall be there," he said, as if it were a matter of course.

She looked at him thoughtfully.

"Of course I shall!" he said. "Why, last night I seemed to have a kind of interest in it which the other people in the theatre hadn't. Yes. As if—as if—I knew you intimately, you know. Of course I shall be there! And I shall bring a big bouquet. What flowers do you like best?"

She almost started, as if she had not been listening to him; as a matter of fact, she had been listening to the deep, measured voice rather than the words.

"Flowers?—oh,—violets," she said, unthinkingly.

"Why!" he exclaimed. "That is what I threw you last night! Of course you didn't know. You can't see beyond the footlights, can you? I've heard you can't. Violets! I'll get some. I shall take a seat in the stalls to-night. I shall see and hear you better there."

"I should have thought you had seen and heard me enough already," she said with a smile.

"No, but I haven't!" he responded eagerly. "I couldn't see you or hear you

so much if I looked at you and listened to you all day!"

Her face grew crimson, but she turned her head towards him with a smile on her face.

"For flattery, pure and simple, I don't think you could surpass that, Lord Neville."

"Flattery?" he exclaimed, as if hurt. "It is no flattery, it is the honest truth. And, Miss Marlowe, I do ask you to believe—" he saw her start and lift her head as if listening, and looking up to ascertain the cause, saw that her eyes were fixed upon some spot behind him, and he heard the sound of footsteps.

"I must go," she said, as if suddenly awakened to a sense of the situation.

"Ah, no," he breathed; then he leant towards her with half-timid eagerness. "Will you come to-morrow?—we have said so little—the time has been so short!"

The footsteps came nearer.

"I promise—nothing," said Doris, her brows coming together, and with a half glance at his earnest face she glided away from him.

Lord Neville rose and looked after her with the expression which encompassed the desire to follow her; but in that moment a hand fell lightly upon his shoulder, and a voice exclaimed,—

"What, Daisy!"

Lord Neville swung round.

"Hallo, Spencer!" he said. "Why, what on earth brought you here?"

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE new comer was a man apparently of middle age; I say apparently, because opinions on that subject were extremely conflicting. Some persons regarded Spencer Churchill as quite a young man, others declared that he had reached the meridian of life, and there were some who were inclined to think that he was, if anything, on the verge of old age.

His appearance was singular. He was of medium height, with a figure that was either naturally youthful, or admirably preserved. He was fair almost to effeminacy, and he wore his hair long and brushed back from his face; and he was close shaven. But it was not the length of the hair that lent him his singularity, but the expression of his face and his manner.

If he was not the most amiable of men, his countenance belied him. There was always a smile, soft and bland, and good-tempered in his eyes, on his lips, and as the Irishman said, "all over him." The smile in conjunction with the fair face and long hair gave him so confiding and benevolent an expression that the world had long ago come to the conclusion that Spencer Churchill was the epitome of all the virtues.

Most men and women were fond of confiding in him; most men—not all—trusted him; he was regarded by crossing-sweepers, waiters, and beggars generally as their natural prey, and so effective was his smile, that even when he did not bestow his aims, he always received a blessing from the disappointed ones.

Whenever his name was mentioned, someone was sure to say,—

"Oh, Spencer Churchill! Yes! Awfully good-natured fellow, you know. No end of a good soul. Share his last crust with you. Kind of cherub with legs, don't you know?"

But if strict inquiry had been made—which it never was—it would have been difficult to bring forward evidence to prove the benevolent Spencer had ever shared anything with anybody, or that he had ever been liberal with anything, excepting always the smile and his soft persuasive voice.

Of his past history, and indeed, his present mode of life, the persons who were always ready to praise him, knew very little—or nothing, and yet he was always spoken of as one of the best known men in society.

You met him everywhere at the first reception of the season, at the meeting of the Four-in-Hand Club, at the smoking room of the "Midnight," sauntering in the foyer at the opera, seated in the stalls of the fashionable theatres, in county houses of the most exclusive kinds, on the shady side of Pall Mall, in the picture galleries, at the big concerts, at dinner parties.

His neat figure was always most carefully dressed, his countenance always serene and placid, as if the world were the most charming of all possible places, and had been specially created for Spencer Churchill; and with the benedictory smile always shining.

He was rich, it was supposed he was a bachelor, it was thought; he was connected with half the peerage, so it was stated; and that was all concerning his private life that

anyone knew. But if little was known about him, Spencer Churchill knew a great deal about other people: some said, too much.

Lord Neville's surprise at seeing him was quite uncalled for, because Spencer Churchill was in the habit of "turning up" at the most unlikely places, and at the most unlikely times; and whatever surprise you might feel at seeing him, he never expressed any at meeting you.

Now, as Lord Neville stared at him, he blandly and placidly smiled

woods, musing in moody meditation, mentally morbid!" said Spencer Churchill. "I found him beside a purling brook, composing sonnets, Lady Grace."

"Or dreaming of last night's Juliet?" she said smilingly.

He looked up quickly, but her eyes seemed full of unconsciousness and innocence.

"You did go to the theatre last night, didn't you?" she asked. "They told me so."

"Yes, I went," he replied.

"And it was 'Romeo and Juliet,' wasn't it?"

He nodded.

She made a little grimace.

"Fancy 'Romeo and Juliet' at a country theatre, Mr. Churchill—the Romeo striding about, all gasps and sighs, the Juliet fat, fair and forty! Poor Lord Neville!" and her silvery laugh rang softly through the room.

Lord Neville knew that it would be the better, wiser course to smile and shrug his shoulders, but he could not.

"It was quite the reverse," he said, and his voice sounded short and almost grim. "The play was well cast, and admirably staged. The Romeo didn't gasp or strut, and the Juliet—" he stopped, feeling that his voice had grown more enthusiastic, and was betraying him. "Oh! she played very well," he said.

"Indeed! Really!" exclaimed Lady Grace. "Oughtn't we to patronize the local talent, marquis?"

He raised his cold eyes to her lovely face.

"I am too old to commit mental suicide," he said; "take Neville's recommendation, and go, if you like, and be sorry for it."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"After all, I don't think I could venture on it; it would be—forgive me, Lord Neville—too awful. And so you have come to Barton, Mr. Churchill. And from whence, pray?"

They talked together in this light care less, half indifferent, blasé manner which is now—Heaven help us!—the fashion, and Lord Neville finished his lunch in silence.

"I promise nothing!" rang in his ears; "I promise nothing!" It was a strange answer. Most girls would have said, "Yes," or glanced at him, so to speak, indignantly; but, "I promise nothing!" she had said in her sweet, grave, penetrating voice. Would she come? And if she did, how much the happier would it be? What on earth had come to him, that he should be unable to think of anything but this lovely, bewitching girl, so beautiful in face, and great in genius?

He woke with a start as the marquis rose and bowed to Lady Grace who was quitting the room.

"Come with me and smoke a cigar," said Lord Neville to Spencer Churchill. "Mr. Churchill will do nothing of the kind," exclaimed Lady Grace, stopping and looking over her shoulder, not at his smiling face, but at the opposite wall. "How inconsiderate you are, Lord Neville, you forget that I am dying to hear all the latest news."

"I thought you'd heard it all," he said with a smile.

"Not half!" she retorted. "I shall be on the terrace, Mr. Churchill."

He bowed and smiled, then he turned to the marquis.

"There used to be a very fine old port, marquis," he said.

The marquis glanced at the butler, who went out, and returned presently, carefully carrying a bottle in a wicker frame, and Mr. Spencer Churchill sipped the famous wine with angelic enjoyment.

"There is nothing like port," he murmured, "nothing. Yes, marquis, you look the picture of health. Ah, my dear Neville, depend upon it that the moralists are right after all, and that, if one would enjoy life at its fullest, the thing is to be good!" and he smiled beamingly at the marquis who had for a generation been called, "Wicked Lord Stoyke."

Lord Neville glanced at the pale, cold face of his uncle, expecting some cutting retort, but the marquis only smiled.

"You were always a moralist, Churchill," he said. "But your advice comes rather late for Neville, who has, I'm afraid, made acquaintance with the prodigal's husks pretty often."

"And now comes back to find the fatted calf killed for him," sang Mr. Spencer Churchill sweetly.

The marquis rose.

"Don't let me interfere with your port," he said.

Neville looked after him.

"I think I can stand about another day of this," he said quietly.

"After that you would really not be able to resist the temptation to throw him out

of the window, eh? Fie, fie, my dear Neville!" murmured Spencer Churchill with a smile. "Shall we go and join Lady Grace? She won't object to a cigarette, I suppose?"

"I don't know; I never asked her," he said. "I'll go and get some cigars," and he sprang up and left the room.

Spencer Churchill's bland smile followed him for a moment or two, then the expression of his face wholly changed. His lips seemed to grow rigid, his soft, sleepy eyes acute, his very cheeks, usually so soft and rotund, hard and angular; and he sat with his glass held firmly in his hand, peering thoughtfully at the tablecloth.

Then he rose, and, carefully examining the bottle, poured the remains of it into his glass, and drank it slowly and appreciatively, and then stepped through the open window on to the terrace.

A slim and graceful figure leant against the balustrade. It was Lady Grace; her hands, clasped together, were pressed hard against the stone coping, as if they were trying to force their way through it, and the face she turned towards him was pale and anxious, the face of one waiting for the verdict of one expecting the dread fiat of a judge.

With a benign smile, more marked than ever, perhaps intensified by the famous port, he slowly approached her.

"What an exquisite view," he said softly, and extending his hands as if he were pronouncing a benediction on the scenery; "now that nature is in her spring-time. How refreshing, how inspiring, how vernal! I cannot express to you, Lady Grace, how deeply this beautiful prospect moves me! One must have a hard and unimpassioned heart indeed, who is not moved by such a landscape as this: so soft, so—er—green—"

Her clasped hands grew together more tightly.

"Why have you come here?" she said, suddenly, in a strained voice.

He raised his pale eyebrows.

"Here—on the terrace, do you mean, Lady Grace?" he said, in the voice of an innocent, unsophisticated child; "surely you forget. You, yourself, asked me!"

"Why have you come here?" she repeated.

Without changing his expression or his attitude of bland, serene enjoyment, he murmured:

"I came because I thought you wanted me—and you do!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### CRUELTY TO MOTHERS.

CAN you help me a few minutes, Marion?"

"I would like to, but I don't see how I can." The tone was not impatient, but hurried. "I have this essay to finish for the society this evening. I must go to our French history class in an hour, then to a guild meeting, and get back to my German lesson at five o'clock."

"No, you can't help me, dear. You look worn out yourself. Never mind. If I tie up my head, perhaps I can finish this."

"Through at last," said Marion, wearily, giving a finishing touch to "The Development of Religious Ideas among the Greeks," at the same time glancing quickly at the clock. Her attention was arrested by a strange sight. Her tired mother had fallen asleep over her sewing.

That was not surprising, but the startled girl saw bending over her mother's pale face two angels, each looking earnestly at the sleeper.

"What made that weary look on this woman's face?" asked the stern, strange-looking angel of the weaker, sadder one. "Has God given her no daughters?"

"Yes," replied the other, "but they have no time to take care of their mother."

"No time!" cried the other. "What do they do with all the time I am letting them have?"

"Well," replied the Angel of Life, "I keep their hands and hearts full. They are affectionate daughters, much admired for their good works; but they do not know they are letting the

WHAT!

BY D. N. H.

Oh, what is the love or the hate of men?  
What is their praise or their blame?  
Their blame is a breath, but an echo of death,  
And a star that glows bright and is gone from the sight—  
Ah! such is the vanishing garden of fame.  
Oh, what is the grief or the joy of life?  
What is its pleasure or pain?  
The joys we pursue pass away like the dew;  
And though bitter the grief, time brings relief  
To the heart that is wounded again and again.  
Oh, what is the loss or the gain of time?  
And what is success? fair crown?  
The gain that we prize—lo! it fades and it dies;  
And the loss we deplore as quickly is o'er.  
There is little to choose 'twixt life's smiles and  
Life's frowns.  
Oh, men they may love and they may hate,  
It matters little to me.  
For life is a breath, and hastens death  
To gather in all, from the hut and wall,  
To the house that is narrow—to the house that is  
free.

A Lord's Daughter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCH-  
WORK," "HOMERODY'S DAUGHTER,"  
"A MIDSUMMER POLLY,"  
"WEDDED HANDS,"  
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

NO CERTAINLY Kathleen Elwyn was not the one who would betray another woman's weakness or publish another woman's misery! She had made up her mind long before she sat down to dinner that night that Lucille's secret, which she had so unfortunately discovered should be perfectly safe with her, and that what she had seen should, if possible, be forgotten by her.

Kathleen leaned forward across the green table to make her first stroke. Her graceful figure, as she stretched her arm along her cue, showed to its fullest advantage.

"Strike the ball a little to the right, Miss Elwyn!" called one.

"Not too hard!" cautioned another.

"Aim at the cushion just above the pocket!" said a third.

As for Colonel Elwyn, whose ball she was playing at, he entreated her lugubriously not to make an end of his wretched life before its time.

She was the object of general notice. Everybody crowded about her, Kathleen, as the fair young daughter of the house, would in any case have commanded a good deal of attention; but, in addition to her position as Lord Elwyn's only child and heiress, she had within her all the elements of great popularity—charming manners, good looks, a sweet-toned laugh, and one of the most unselfish dispositions in the world.

Everybody thought her a great improvement on the cold imperious Lucille, who for so many years had been the only girl at Clontarf Towers, and everybody rejoiced in the genial change.

All this, which was by no means unnoticed by her deepened and intensified Miss Lucille Maitland's aversion and animosity.

Kathleen hit her ball sharply and pocketed the green ball triumphantly. A merry peal of laughter greeted her success. Colonel Elwyn, in mock woe, wrung his hands and bewailed her cruelty.

She looked very pretty laughing at him and rejoicing over his discomfiture. Then she played her second stroke—and missed! There was a little pause in the game. At this precise moment Lucille stepped up to her.

"Kathleen," she said distinctly and markedly, "I have only now remembered that I have forgotten to give you an important message that I have for you."

"A message, Lucille? Is it from dear papa?"

Somehow everybody was listening and waiting. Major De la Braille, whose play it was, was chalking his cue; the rest of the party were grouped around.

Lucille saw that Adrian, leaning against the table on the farther side, had his eyes fixed with an odd yearning expression in them upon Lord Elwyn's radiant young daughter.

Only Laurence Doyle, standing a little apart, looked very moodily and listened with averted eyes.

"Is it from papa?" inquired Kathleen again.

"Oh, dear, no—from a much nearer and dearer friend than your father."

"Indeed! I cannot conceive whom you mean!"

"I will not describe him. In fact," with a sneer, "he would be indescribable! He said he was 'a great pal' of yours!"

Kathleen's eyes were wide open with surprise. Everybody was listening; even Colonel Elwyn had forgotten to take his green ball out of the pocket, and drew near in order to hear what Lucille was saying.

"Will you kindly tell me whom you mean, and what the message was?" asked the girl very quietly. "I don't think it can be really for me—I know nobody whom I could call 'a great pal.'"

"Not Ah, well, he called you his 'pal'!" laughed Lucille carelessly. "Here, my dear—it is a letter for you!"

She drew an envelope from her pocket, and flung it down with something like defiance upon the billiard-table—a dirty envelope, bulging out at one side, creased at the other, and with black finger-smudges across it—an envelope that did not look as if an educated person had fastened it up, even if the scrawling direction, "To Miss K. Elwyn," had not betrayed it to be the writing of an illiterate individual.

Everybody looked at it curiously. Kathleen colored. No suspicion of the truth had entered her mind as yet—only a suspicion of unfair play; some trick was being played upon her—it was some trap to make her appear ridiculous.

The publicity of the thing, the little veil of mystery in which Lucille had enveloped it, annoyed and disturbed her. She took up the envelope, and, murmuring a faint "Thank you," made as though she would have put it at once into her pocket.

"No, no!" cried Lucille. "You are to open it at once—before witnesses, I was told it was to be! Here we all are, ready to witness! Open it, Kathleen, or we shall think it contains something that you are ashamed of!"

"Oh, certainly!" she said coldly.

Everybody by this time was on tiptoe with curiosity. Kathleen tore open the envelope.

"What an absurd fuss about nothing!" she said.

There was an under-tremor of nervousness in her voice.

"It looks to me very much like a bill or a circular," she added, taking out a torn half-sheet of paper and something wrapped up inside.

Only a withered flower, that crumbled almost into dust as it fell out of the paper—a faded dog-rose—nothing more! What was there then of hidden meaning in this small and harmless thing which made Lord Elwyn's lovely daughter turn pale as death?

For one terrible moment her eyes closed, her white lips parted, the room seemed to reel and swim around her, she looked as if she were going to faint; then she staggered and caught at the table. The paper, slipping from her nerveless fingers, fluttered to the ground, and across it plainly written in large straggling characters like the handwriting of a child in a copy-book, was inscribed one word—which no one who glanced at it could help reading—the word "Remember!"

Out of the short silence of amazement and consternation that fell upon every one Lucille's little sneering laugh arose with cruel intensity, and her contemptuous words seemed to cut like steel.

"And it seems she does 'remember' too well for her own peace of mind!" she said, looking, not at her victim, but at the bystander.

But she had gone a step too far. Seeing her stand there flushed and triumphant, opposite to the trembling girl who had caught at the table to prevent herself from fainting, and who now leaned pale as death against it with a slow terror in her wide-open eyes, as of one who had received some dreadful shock, it was impossible not to feel indignant against the one and compassionate towards the other.

Whatever Kathleen Elwyn might have done—and it was difficult to conceive that her extraordinary agitation did not point to some shameful secret—it was evident that it had been Lucille's deliberate plot to tear the veil of concealment away and to expose her publicly to humiliation and disgrace. A reaction set in in the mind of every one who was present; a murmur arose.

"What a shame!" cried one.

"Miss Elwyn is ill!" said another.

Colonel Elwyn came forward with a very grave and perturbed face, and offered his arm to his young cousin.

"Allow me to take you to a chair," he said, with cold politeness, although he was horribly upset at what had taken place.

The young man to whom she had been so kind at dinner-time had flown into the next room to fetch her a glass of wine; one

of the ladies pressed her salt-bottle into her hand. The game of pool would evidently not be continued. Lucille sauntered away to the fireplace, and Mr. Doyle came and stood by her.

"I did that well, didn't I, Laurie?"

"Almost too well, Lucille! You were rather rough on her, poor girl! Who was the man who gave it to you?"

"Oh, quite a common man! There must have been some low intrigue between them. One can see that by her face, can't one

by which she was to be elaimed, had come back to her at last.

She had believed that it was all over and forgotten—that that promise of old was to end in nothing—that it belonged to a past existence with which the present Kathleen Elwyn had nothing to do.

And, lo, it had sprung into a terrible reality—a living thing that could not be evaded or put aside any longer! In a few months she would be twenty-one, and Tom Darley would claim her; and to-day he had sent the pledge of her promise to her to remind her of what was her fate.

She understood all too well what was the meaning of that withered rose, and of the word of warning which he had sent with it; it seemed to her like a death-warrant.

It was strange perhaps that Kathleen, who was now so much older and wiser than when she had given her foolish promise to a man whom she had never loved, should not have believed herself to be capable of breaking that promise and of appealing to her father for protection.

She knew of course that she could do so in case of need; but she also knew that Darley's nature was bitterly revengeful, and she feared very much to draw down his revenge upon the head of the man she loved.

That word "Remember" held a sinister meaning to her.

When Sir Adrian had married and gone away, then perhaps she might dare to defy the anger of the man who pretended to claim her; but for the present she was in his power.

It seemed to the poor child that absolute misery awaited her whichever way she turned.

Either she must keep her old promise and leave her father's house in disgrace, bidding good-bye for ever to her new life and its luxuries and pleasures, and returning to the lowliness of her former station in the companionship of a man whom she feared, and whose surroundings and manners had become distasteful to her, or else she must break her promise and tell him so, and run the risk of the anger and jealousy which she would inevitably arouse in him.

She dare not turn for help to anybody—her secret was of too serious a nature; and, save Sir Adrian, she had no friend in whom she could confide; and to him—who was to be Lucille's husband so shortly—she felt it impossible to turn.

"What am I to do? What am I to do?" she repeated.

She walked up and down in the cold moonlight, her slken draperies trailing across the flagged stones of the terrace, and the cold night-air striking upon her unprotected head and bosom.

And then suddenly, from a deep shadowy angle of the large house, a man stepped forth into the moonlight and stood before her.

"So you've come to speak to me at last, Kathie? Well, I'm glad you've not quite forgotten!"

Lord Elwyn's daughter stood face to face with Tom Darley.

## CHAPTER XIII.

ON SEEING Tom Darley Kathleen's first impulse was flight. She turned with a smothered cry, and ran along the terrace towards a side-door which opened into the gardens. But in a few strides Darley had caught her up, and, seizing her white arm, held it fast in a grip of iron. She stood still perforce, breathless and panting.

"Why do you run away, Kathie? Are you afraid of me?"

"Leave go of me, Tom!" she cried, struggling to free herself from his grasp. "You hurt me!"

"Will you stay, then, and listen to me, Kathie?"

"Yes, I will stay; but you can have nothing to say to me. Why do you persecute me?"

"Nothing to say to you, Kathie Elwyn? What—not when we shall be married so soon?"

She shivered, not with cold, but with repulsion and disgust.

"Tom," she cried, "why do you talk so foolishly? You must see how things are changed. In the old days I was just like one of the village-girls, and I did not know that I was different from any of them. Now it is all altered, and I am in a different position. Cannot you give up this foolish idea? I have never thought about marrying you lately. My father would disown me; I myself should be unsuited to you."

Then a passion of rage swept over his dark, rough face, his features worked convul-

sively, his eyes glared at her with something almost of madness in them.

Tom Darley had brooded over this thought so long, had hankered incessantly for the one thing on earth he loved, that the fierce hunger of his soul had well-nigh unsettled his mind with its fury of unsatisfied desire.

She shrank away from him, terrified at the result of her words. He caught her again by the wrist, and dragged her towards him roughly.

"And you dare to say that to me—you dare to tell me that, Kathie—to show me how bad and base your heart must be? It is you that have changed—nothing else; you have changed because you love money and luxury, and these wretched silks and jewels that you are decked in! It's the money that has changed you and spoiled your love for the honest man who has cared for you since you was a baby-girl!"

"Oh, no, no, Tom—it's not that indeed!" "I might have guessed it. You never wrote to me, nor yet to them as was as good as a father and mother to you, and who are dead and gone."

"I did write once to them, Tom. I was forbidden to write to them; but I managed to do so once. I got no answer however; and I was dreadfully sorry when I learned of their death. But why should I have written to you?"

"What—not to your lover?"

"Tom, you cannot be my lover! It is impossible—I cannot marry you!" she found courage to say.

"What—you disown your promise then? Did you not get the flower that you gave me yourself—that was to be the token and sign betwixt us? Did that lady give it to you safe?"

"Yes, I got it. But, Tom, that makes no difference. I—I really cannot marry you! Do give it up!"

"Ah, then, I see how it is with you," he said, flinging away her hand—"there is another man who has come between us! I've thought as much when I watched you riding side by side, bending and stooping your heads together! Kathie, as there is a Heaven above us, I'll kill the man that has taken you from me!"

She trembled in every limb.

"No, no, Tom—there is nobody—nobody at all—you are mistaken! There is no one at all, Tom! If you would only be reasonable and understand—"

She wrung her hands distractedly together; it seemed to her that, sooner than bring down this terrible man's revenge upon the man she loved, it would be better for her to make any terms with him—to agree to any fate no matter how dreadful it was.

For that it was Adrian with whom Tom had seen her it never for one moment occurred to her to doubt.

She knew he had seen them together from behind the shelter of the old iron gates on that eventful moonlit night three years before; she believed that he must have recognized him at once when he had lingered by her side in the hunting field. Her guilty heart told her that it was Sir Adrian alone of all the world who was dear to her, and no other man came for one moment into her thoughts.

Her fear for the man she loved made her utterly reckless with regard to everything else.

For a few moments she stood silent; it passed rapidly through her mind that Adrian could never be here—that a gulf wider than death itself parted her for ever from him—that her love was hopeless, and that she had no real reason to believe that it was returned, although at the bottom of her heart she could not help fancying that he was not indifferent to her.

Whether he loved Lucille or no, it seemed absolutely certain that he would marry her, and that within a very short time too.

"What then," cried the girl to herself, "does it matter what happens to me? No longer as he is safe and happy, what does any fate that may befall me signify? For in the hour he is married my life ends, and, so long as I can avert evil from his dear head, I care not what misery I bring upon myself!"

There was even something fascinating to her in the thought of sacrificing herself for him.

He would never know it, but, all the same, he would owe his life to her. A sudden calm fell upon her—the calm of despair.

"Look here, Tom," she said quietly. "Did you not promise that you would not trouble me until I was one-and-twenty? It wants three months yet to my birthday; it is you therefore who are breaking the contract between us. I am still under age—I can do nothing. Go away quietly, and

don't come back to Clortell Towers until I am twenty-one."

"And then you will marry me?" he cried eagerly and gladly.

"And then I will tell my father of my promise to you."

"And you will be my wife?"

She heard a faint sound behind her. Turning her head rapidly, she saw, to her dismay, Sir Adrian Devereil come out on to the far end of the terrace in the moonlight and advance slowly towards them. He carried a cloak on his arm

## RAIN PICTURES.

BY ALFRED MORRIS.

Rain from a blackened cloud;  
Down in a drenching rush, whilst the gusty wind  
blows loud,  
And the muffled thunder breaks and ranges in  
dull deep roar,  
As the plunge of the pouring flood grows awfully  
more and more.

Rain from the cottage eaves;  
Dripping so gentle and soft thro' the budding of  
green spring leaves,  
Whilst the birds cower close to their nests and  
watch it with bright quick eyes,  
Then prune their breasts with their bills and twit-  
ter a glad surprise.

Rain past a rainbow high;  
Arched o'er this little earth, spanning the whole  
vast sky,  
Teaching that trouble must come, and torrents  
of tears must fall,  
But a throne has been set up in heaven; a Pro-  
mise is over all.

## MARGERY.

BY M. A. D.

## CHAPTER VII.

IT WAS a very white-faced, dark-eyed Margery who waited the next morning until Estelle and Douglas should come to breakfast; so white and tired-looking that Douglas exclaimed, as he said good-morning:

"What did you do to yourselves last night, you and Estelle? You are both like ghosts this morning!"

Then, catching sight of a letter lying on his plate, he went on, without waiting for an answer:

"Hallo, a letter from Brownlow!"

He opened and read it quickly, with an exclamation of dismay, and then he said:

"Margery, will you ring, dear? He sends me very bad news—business news. I must catch the 9.50 to town."

A little cry broke from Margery, and she stood with her hand on the back of the chair in which she had just been seated herself, her eyes fixed on Estelle's face, her lips parted. Douglas went on:

"I'm not altogether surprised. I have known for some time that I might have to go away for a time; but, it was so uncertain, I thought it wasn't worth while to bother about it. It is a nuisance; but there is no alternative. I must go."

Estelle had not moved or spoken even at his first words. Now she said slowly, in a low tone:

"Is it absolutely necessary, Douglas?"

He was at her side in a moment.

"Would I leave you, Estelle, even for a day, if I could help it?"

She raised her eyes to the face—that was bending over her, and something in its loving, tender look seemed to touch her. She rose suddenly, and, stretching out her hands to him impulsively said:

"Take me with you, Douglas; take me with you!"

He caught her hands in his and kissed them eagerly.

"Thank you, my darling, thank you," he said, his voice was full of passionate love. "I would take you more gladly than I can say; but it is impossible. I may have to go abroad, to travel fast and rough it a bit. No; you must stay here and welcome me back."

The eagerness died suddenly out of her face. She dropped his hands and stood for a moment looking into his face.

"Is it impossible?" she said.

"Sweetheart, it is impossible," he answered.

At Estelle's words, Margery's face had lighted up with an inexpressible joy and hope; but, as she listened to Douglas's answer, it died away and left her very pale and cold.

For an instant, she felt as if she must speak; as if she could not, must not let Douglas go away and leave them alone. Estelle had listened to her last night, had promised to send Stephen Bazerley away that very day; but would he go, would Estelle hold firm?

As this last thought rose in her mind, she turned to Douglas with an impulse to keep him at any price.

"Douglas," she began, "Douglas," but the sight of his tender, regretful face as he looked pityingly at his wife, stopped her suddenly.

He had refused Estelle; he had told her that his going was absolutely necessary. Nothing would stop him but the truth, and the truth she could not tell him. It would break his heart.

During the busy half-hour that followed she moved about mechanically, until at last she woke to the fact that she and

Douglas were alone together for a moment, and that he was biding both her hands in a strong, earnest clasp.

"Little one," he was saying, "you know what it is to me to be parted from her; you know what she is to me. I leave you in her care. Take care of her for me. Margery, take care of my love."

But Margery looked straight into his face, and answered:

"Douglas, I will."

Then he was gone.

For some time life passed quietly and smoothly at Orchard Court. Douglas wrote constantly, but the date of his return was always uncertain.

Margery's bright spirits never flagged, though she sometimes told herself that she was beginning to feel "quite old."

Estelle never mentioned Stephen Bazerley. Margery knew that she had written to him on the day of Douglas's departure; knew that he had left Hackley; and knew no more.

To her, Estelle was always tender and sweet, though the old, listless apathy had returned, and she seemed to care for nothing; to be interested in no one.

It had been a hot day, and Margery, who was not as strong as she had once been, had suffered so much from the heat, that in the evening Estelle insisted on leaving her on the sofa and taking her walk alone.

Margery lay quietly reading for more than an hour, and gradually fell asleep. She slept on and on until daylight faded, and it grew quite dark; and at last she suddenly started up with a little stifled cry:

"Yes, Douglas," she said, aloud, "I will! I will!"

Then, as consciousness returned to her more fully, she sank back again, trembling from head to foot, and tried to remember what it was that she had dreamt.

What had Douglas said to her? Why had he looked so sad and stern?

"Where is my love, Margery? Where is my love?"

As the remembrance flashed vividly back on her, she sprang to her feet and rang the bell.

"Has Mrs. Hollis come in?" she asked the man who answered it.

"Yes, miss," he answered. "She came in about an hour ago. She said she wouldn't disturb you, and she left her love and good-night."

"Her love and good-night!" echoed Margery. "Why, has she gone to bed? It can't be late. It is hardly dark."

"It is about half-past eight, miss," answered the man. "My mistress looked—looked—not very well, miss, I think."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" said Margery. "I wish she had woke me. I will go up to her at once."

But her gentle knock at Estelle's door received no answer, and she had repeated it twice again, before the clear, low voice said:

"What is it?"

"It is I, Estelle—Margery. Is anything the matter? May I not come in, Estelle?"

There was a pause, and then Estelle answered:

"Not to-night. I am tired."

Margery hesitated. She felt that to go away like that would be impossible. Something had surely happened. What could it be?

"Estelle," Margery said at last, very gently, "Estelle, is there anything the matter?"

Again there was a pause, and then Estelle said, in a tone against which Margery felt it was impossible to appeal:

"Nothing; good-night."

"Good night, Estelle," said Margery, reluctantly, and went away.

But the very next morning Margery reproached herself bitterly for having done so.

Estelle came down looking so white, so worn, and yet with something so absorbed and unapproachable in her manner, that Margery could only make timid, tender inquiries as to whether she was ill, and regret from the very bottom of her heart that she had left her alone the night before.

"Take care of my love, Margery! Take care of my love!"

Douglas was coming—might be waiting now! He should not wait in vain—she would save Estelle for him, and take her back.

Without a moment's pause, without another thought but that she must do it, that she must be there in time, she sprang over the stile into the footpath, and started on her almost hopeless chase.

On she ran, till her breath came quick and fast, and she felt a sharp pain gather round her heart. On, on, quicker and quicker, her face turning whiter, her eyes wild and large, her breath coming in quick, painful sobs.

The storm had broken fiercely, and her quickly soaked dress seemed to hold her back; the lightning dashed her.

The pain was getting sharper every instant, turning her sick and giddy. A dreadful fear seized her that she was going slower—that in another moment she must fall.

Hark! What was that? It was a faint distant, indistinct sound which seemed to bring back, all at once, her falling strength, to put new life into her trembling limbs—the far-off sound of wheels, the quick trot of horses.

She was so near the road that she could see the opening through which she must reach it; could see, too, coming rapidly along the road, a carriage. Could she do it? Would she be in time? If that carriage passed the gap before she could reach it, Estelle was utterly lost, and Douglas—

With one last agonized effort, choked, blinded, she rushed desperately forward, and, as Stephen Bazerley drove rapidly along by Foxley Gap, a little figure sprang as it seemed, out of the hedgerow, and caught blindly at the rein of the horses, while a strained, shrill, unnatural voice cried hoarsely, "Estelle! Estelle!" as Margery fell senseless under the horses' feet.

"She moved a little!"

They had carried the poor little broken figure into the drawing-room at Orchard Court where Douglas Hollis was waiting for his wife; and there, by the side of the little girl who had loved him, all unconsciously, with such a perfect woman's love that she had given her life for the woman he loved—that woman, utterly crushed by her pity and remorse, had prayed for his forgiveness.

"She moved a little."

It was Douglas Hollis who spoke; and at the sound of his voice the poor little ashen face quivered, the drawn lips moved, and slowly the faithful brown eyes unclosed.

It was on Douglas's face that they rested; and the look of perfect love that they had always held for him in life shone in them now that death was clouding them fast.

"Douglas," she whispered, very faintly, "I did take care of her, Douglas—dear!"

Then Margery died.

[THE END]

#### OF LOST MONEY.

**M**EN WHO are entrusted with the handling of large sums of money often display a singular lack of care in guarding their trusts. A special providence often guards the careless man and brings back the lost treasure that he has unwittingly allowed to slip from his grasp.

A remarkable incident is related of the finding of \$25,000, lost by a M. Pages in the Northern Railway station in Paris some ten years ago.

As one Ezetot, a French soldier, was walking with two comrades through the station, they noticed on the ground a small package wrapped in a newspaper.

They kicked it along before them for some distance, and when Ezetot was getting into the train, going home on short leave, one of his comrades, picking up the package, thrust it into the canvas forage bag slung at his side, Ezetot going on his way without having perceived the circumstance.

Arriving at Neuilly, where his parents lived, Ezetot's mother, emptying the forage bag, discovered the bundle, but thinking it a roll of old newspapers, put it on the table in the kitchen.

There it remained for four or five days, till a married sister, calling in and seeing the package, was moved by an unwonted curiosity.

Opening it she discovered documents representing the \$25,000 the loss of which M. Pages had advertised throughout Europe.

The soldier and his parents, however, had not seen the advertisement, and not knowing what else to do, had recourse to the mayor. That functionary, communicating with Paris, speedily brought down M. Pages, who, gladly paying the promised reward of \$1,000, went off with his oddly-recovered treasure.

The paymaster of a large railroad company, having its headquarters in Boston, went out on one occasion with \$30,000 to pay off its employees. The money was carried under his arm, wrapped up in an old newspaper.

He stopped at a little wayside eating-house for dinner, and on going away, in a fit of absent-mindedness, left the money lying on a chair. He had not gone many miles from the place before he missed it, and his dismay on discovering its loss can well be imagined.

Almost despairing of recovering the package left in so public a place, he hurried back, and, with trembling voice, asked the woman in charge if she had seen the parcel.

"There's a bit of paper on the chair beyond," she said; "perhaps that's it," which it proved to be, and the gentleman returned a happier and wiser man.

Another man in the same city lost a roll of bills amounting to \$12,000, which, also, was wrapped up in a newspaper.

He told a friend of the loss, and the friend made him describe all the ground he had been over since he had the money. The last place mentioned was the post office.

The night was wet overhead and slushy under foot. They visited the post office, and on going to the spot where the man had been standing, they found two or three torn bits of newspaper.

It was the same. They looked further, and at last found the lost treasure.

It had been kicked in turn by every one who came into the office, and when found was untied and completely soaked with water. It was all there, however, and the friends returned to their hotel and spent several hours in cleaning and drying it.

The gentleman was so grateful for the sensible advice which had saved him from a serious loss that he took out his friend and bought him the handsomest gold watch chain that he could find in the city.

An interesting story is told of a long search for and final recovery of a gold dollar, which may be appropriately quoted in this connection.

A young lady in a town in New Jersey had a gold dollar with a monogram inscribed upon it, which had been the subject of a good deal of attention. It was attached to a bracelet by a chain.

One evening in February, after a sleigh ride, she mislaid it, and the broken chain showed plainly how it had disappeared. Search was at once made, but without avail; and the loss was advertised.

Finally the advertisement met the eye of a habitual loafer about town. He went to the house and said that he had found the dollar below the steps of the sleigh the morning after the ride, and had spent it in drink.

The friends of the young lady determined to find the keepsake for her if possible. The barman remembered receiving the coin, but had paid it over to a butcher. The latter recollected paying it to a drover.

The address of the drover was secured, and a letter written to him, requesting a reply at once. It soon came, and contained the information that he had purchased a ticket to Philadelphia with the money on the very day the butcher had given it to him, and that the ticket clerk had then remarked about the monogram.

The search was continued. The ticket clerk remembered the dollar, and said he had laid it aside for a few hours, but that it was forwarded to Philadelphia with the daily accounts.

The receiver of the New Jersey receipts at Philadelphia was next corresponded with. The beautiful monogram had been noticed, but the money had been deposited in the bank.

The manager was communicated with. His attention had been called to the initials on the back of the dollar by one of the clerks, and he had instructed him to place it on one side for a few weeks.

Unfortunately, in the absence of the clerk a gentleman desiring several hundred dollars in gold, preparatory to a Californian trip, had been furnished with the amount, and the little piece had in some way been mixed with that sum and gone westward.

The gentleman's name was furnished, and a letter was sent to him. The remainder of the spring and summer passed with no tidings of the lost bauble.

Finally, however, a letter was received from the gentleman, stating that the letter

had been delayed owing to a mistake in the address, and had only just reached him, but that he still had the dollar in his possession.

The initials were the same as those of a young friend of his, and he had kept the coin on that account.

On receiving the proper direction he promptly returned the gold dollar so persistently searched for, the curious history of whose wanderings affords an excellent example of how fast money travels.

**THE END OF A ROMANCE.**—The voice of the lady trembled slightly as she looked at the middle-aged but well-preserved gentleman before her and said:

"Can it be possible? Is this Henry Slumpus, the friend and companion of my earlier days?"

"It is, Florence—Mrs. Grampus," he said, his own voice betraying an excitement he could not suppress. "I have come five hundred miles to see you."

"How strange," she said, as she sank back into a chair. "Pray be seated, Harry



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Though observation and instruction, reading and conversation may furnish us with many ideas of men and things, yet it is our own meditation, and the labor of our own thoughts, that must form our judgment of things.

Our own thoughts should join or disjoin these ideas in a proposition for ourselves. It is our own mind that must judge for ourselves concerning the agreement or disagreement of ideas, and form propositions of truth out of them.

Reading and conversation may acquaint us with many truths, and with many arguments to support them. But it is our own study and reasoning that must determine whether these propositions are true, and whether these arguments are just and solid.

It is confessed there are a thousand things which our eyes have not seen, and which would never come within the reach of our observation, because of the distance of times and places. These must be known by consulting other persons, and that is done either in their writings or in their discourses.

But after all let this be a fixed point with us, that it is our own reflection and judgment which must determine how far we should receive that which books or men inform us of, and how far they are worthy of our assent and credit.

It is meditation that conveys the notions and sentiments of others to ourselves, so as to make them properly our own. It is our own judgment upon them, as well as our memory of them, that makes them become our own property.

It does, as it were, connect our intellectual food, and turns it into a part of ourselves; just as a man may call his limbs and his flesh his own, whether he borrowed the materials from the ox or the sheep, from the lark or the lobster; whether he derived it from corn or milk, the fruits of the trees, or the herbs and roots of the earth. It has all now become one substance with himself; and he wields and manages those muscles and limbs for his own proper purposes which once were the substance of other animals or vegetables; that very substance which last week was grazing in the field, or swimming in the sea, waving in the milk pail, or growing in the garden, has now become part of the man.

By meditation we improve the hints that we have acquired by observation, conversation and reading; we take more time in thinking; and by the labor of the mind we penetrate deeper into themes of knowledge, and carry our thoughts sometimes much farther on many subjects than we ever met with either in the books of the dead or discourses of the living.

It is our own reasoning that draws out one truth from another, and forms a whole scheme of science from a few hints which we borrowed elsewhere.

By a survey of these things we may

justly conclude that he who spends all his time in hearing lectures, or poring upon books, without observation, meditation or converse, will have but a mere historical knowledge of learning, and be able only to tell what others have known or said on the subject.

He that lets all his time flow away in conversation, without due observation, reading or study, will gain but a slight or superficial knowledge; which will be in danger of vanishing with the voice of the speaker; and he that confines himself merely to his closet and his own narrow observation of things, and is taught only by his own solitary thoughts, without instruction by lectures, reading or free conversation, will be in danger of a narrow spirit, a vain conceit of himself, and an unreasonable contempt of others; and after all, he will obtain but a very limited and imperfect view and knowledge of things, and he will seldom learn how to make that knowledge useful.

HAVE patience to wait and perseverance sufficient to prevent your growing weary. Even God finds the conversion of a soul, in one sense, not an easy thing. It is because she does not know how to "wait" that the pious woman is often exacting towards the soul she wishes to reclaim. "The more haste we make," says a wise man, "the less do we progress." The more we try to exact, the more we expose ourselves to a refusal. Men like to move apparently without restraint, and have themselves the merit of their virtues. It is because that she does not know how to "persevere" that the work always seems as if commenced anew. Courage, then! The cultivation of the soil is very difficult, but each prayer offered to God is like a drop of dew. The marble is very hard, but each prayer is a cut of the chisel which shapes it by slow degrees.

THERE is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood and yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is not one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must be on the watch night and day, at work, at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. A kind voice is a lark's song to the hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.

Though caution and slow assent will guard you against frequent mistakes and retractions, yet you should get humility and courage enough to retract any mistake and confess an error. Frequent changes are tokens of levity in our first determinations. Yet you should never be too proud to change your opinion, nor frightened at the name of changeling. Learn to scorn those vulgar bugbears, which confirm foolish men in their own mistakes for fear of being charged with inconstancy.

WHAT matters it where your feet stand, or wherewith your hands are busy, so that it is in the spot where God has put you, and the work He has given you to do? Your real life is within—hidden in God with Christ, ripening and strengthening and waiting as through the long geologic period of night and incompleteness waited the germs of all that was to unfold into this actual, green and beautiful earth!

MANY a one who in the great crisis of life has acted the hero's part, has been shamefully overcome by some little sin, or some secret temptation. The sudden irritation and the stinging word carelessly spoken in the domestic circle, the chafing and trying episodes in the tedious routine of our daily work, these are the things that prove and weigh our manhood more than any other.

TAKING the first footstep with a good thought, the second with a good word, and the third with a good deed, I entered paradise.

WHAT is the price of truth? Not, certainly, the money we pay for a book to reveal it, be it ever so profound; or for a lec-

ture to announce it, be it ever so scientific. If we would find the truth and hold it, on any subject whatever, we must have learned to think, to discriminate, to weigh; we must have subdued partiality and prejudice; we must be ready to face opposition, but from our own preconceptions and those of other people; we must be willing to find it wherever it is, not where we desire it to be.

Do not hover always on the surface of things, nor take up suddenly with mere appearances; but penetrate into the depth of matters, as far as your time and circumstances allow, especially in those things which relate to your own profession. Do not indulge yourselves to judge of things by the first glimpse, or a short and superficial view of them; for this will fill the mind with errors and prejudices, and give it a wrong turn and ill habit of thinking, and make much work for retraction.

WATCH against the pride of your own reason and a vain conceit of your intellectual powers, with the neglect of divine aid and blessing. Presume not upon great attainments in knowledge by your own self-sufficiency. Those who trust to their own understanding entirely are pronounced fools in the word of God; and it is the wisest of men who gives them this character.

PRIDE is that which costs us nothing, and which we are, nevertheless, the most unwilling to bestow upon others, even where it is most due, though we sometimes claim it the more for ourselves, the less we deserve it; not reflecting that the breath of self-eulogy soils the face of the speaker, even as the censor is dimmed by the smoke of its own perfume.

KEEP on with your right thinking. Most of our thinking has resulted in only a tangled skein of silk. Begin to untangle, and out of the new thoughts you will weave a beautiful cloth of gold, to be cut and fitted into garments for your words and actions—garments for your bodies, for which the angelic raiment is a symbol.

PRUDENCE is a virtue most necessary for us if we wish to accommodate ourselves to the situation and dispositions of those with whom we have to deal. It teaches us the greatest circumspection in our words and actions, and the avoidance of everything that may do the least injury to others or wound charity or decency.

If all will, as far as possible, shape their daily lives in accordance with their highest intuitions of the spirit of truth, all will advance into a mental realm of divine power and harmony. The good that is accomplished by each one daily is no proportion to the truly good we call into action in our secret thoughts.

He that would raise his judgments above the vulgar rank of mankind and learn to pass a just sentence on persons and things must take heed of a fanciful temper of mind and a humorous conduct in his affairs. Fancy and humor, early and constantly indulged, may expect an old age over-run with follies.

To find one who has passed through life without sorrow, you must find one incapable of love or hatred, of hope or fear,—one who has no memory of the

## THE OLD, OLD STORY.

BY FLORENCE A. JONES.

You flew into my empty heart  
And nestled there;  
You never stopped to ask my leave,  
Or if I'd care.

I pondered oft if I should keep  
So fair a thing;  
Or should I send you forth to roam  
On wearied wing?

But, while I pondered, you still stayed,  
Till now I know  
My heart and I should know no peace  
If you should go.

## Why He Did It.

BY H. V. BROWN.

SO dark the night was, so dense the fog which ever since the going down of the sun had been sweeping up across the moors from the sea, that it had taken this stalwart broad-shouldered young man nearly three hours to get over a stretch of country-side, covering not more than seven miles as the crow flies.

He had been walking incessantly all this time. He never knew the route he took; he did not live long enough to think the matter over.

A dog—a black retriever—was following at his heels; and he carried a gun; and a rather worn and tattered game-bag was slung across his splendid shoulders. He was a young man of twenty-seven, and he was accounted handsome.

He had fine eyes, a strong yet not too profuse beard, that was, like his eyes, as black as a raven's wing, and his limbs were unusually large and nobly shaped.

He was somewhat thin for his stature; but this was no doubt attributable to the fact of his being for so many hours every day on his feet, as every gamekeeper who knows his business and does it must be.

It was impossible to see his face on such a night as this, with a kind of darkness that one might feel, so to say, pressing down upon the fields, and plantations, and moors; and indeed he had not seen a single soul during his long walk, so unfrequented and lonely was the road he had taken.

If there had been a shimmer of light in the night air, and if some wayfarer, passing this strong-limbed young Englishman, had chanced to catch a glimpse of his face, that wayfarer—even supposing him to have been more than ordinarily stout-hearted—would surely not have proceeded onward and straightway forgotten what he had seen.

At any time and under any circumstances there was something remarkable about Adam Muir's dark, aggressive, half-barbaric face.

On this night, in this lonely spot, he would have been a strong-nerved and a lion-hearted man who could have looked upon it without being conscious of a mysterious dread taking possession of him. It was the face of a soul that was struggling with its mortality before it passed into pain. It was the face of a man who had resolved that he would never again look upon the light of the sun.

He had already, it might be said, drained the cup of the bitterness of death. If the earth had broken away beneath his feet as he staggered onward through these mist-saturated country lanes and fields, and a hand had been stretched forth to save him from going down, he would not have touched it.

He wanted to die. He was determined to die. His brain was resourceless; his imagination undeveloped; he saw no other way.

He knew what he had done. His shame enveloped him like the night. It seemed part of the night—part of this dead, cold, hideous darkness that seemed to be crushing down upon the world as though it would choke every living thing.

He felt that he could never get away from it. His soul shivered in its abject hopelessness. No, no, no! it could never be atoned for; there was no atonement possible to him which could obliterate this sin from his own life and from the lives of those whom he loved beyond utterance; and if he died—Ah, God!

He stood suddenly still in the darkness. The solace of an unselfish thought—purely unselfish because he did not for a moment think that it was unselfish at all—was mercifully given to him.

If he died, the shame of the shameful thing which he had done might never be told abroad; the woman he had wronged might in pity keep silent over his grave; so that—if this might be—if the woman

would have this compassion upon him, and upon those who were dearer to him than his own life—it might come to pass that his mother and his brother would be spared the sorrow and the suffering which his dishonor would bring upon them. His mind clung to this thought to the last.

He never once told himself that he was meditating an act of self-sacrifice; he was incapable of self-analysis. He trudged onward with a lighter step. He felt almost happy.

"She may never tell—her husband may never tell—they may never know," he thought. And that idea never again quite left his mind.

He would there and then have sent a bullet crashing through his brain had not a second thought come to his gloomy distracted mind—the thought that this too, this act of self-destruction, would bring pain and ignominy upon his mother and brother. So he wandered on, wondering how he should so get out of the world as to make it appear as though his death were an accident.

He did not want anyone to be accused of murdering him. He wanted only for his death to seem as if it had occurred accidentally. Therefore he must not shoot himself.

Just here, while getting over a fence, he somehow tripped and fell. He went down heavily on to the ground in the darkness. He lay quite still for perhaps five minutes. There was a horrid pain in his ankle; blood was oozing from his leg from a wound in his thigh.

Never a moan escaped his lips. His retriever stood close up to him; her nose was right over his motionless face. It was in the autumn time; it had been a rainy autumn and the ground was soaking wet.

When he felt the wet getting into his hip he got up and went on his way. He walked with difficulty now; the pain in his foot was acute. Yet he made no murmur.

"Come on, Kate," he said to his retriever, "let's get home."

He got home about an hour before midnight chimed from the village church bell-fry. He felt worn out. The pain in his foot had become much worse; he had begun also to suffer from the wound in his thigh; and the left leg of his trousers was soaked with blood.

He felt rather gloomy now. The elation of spirits which had come to him with the reflection of the possibility of the woman's silence had been merely momentary. Yet he had never wavered in his determination to put an end to his life. But he was not now so sure that the terrible thing which he had done would thus be forgiven and forgotten.

As he came within sight of the sweet little convolvulus-clad cottage that had been his home ever since he was born, a fierce black passion of anger surged up within him.

He saw that woman's face again in the darkness. It rose between him and his home. It rose between him and his own life. It rose between him and all that he held dearest on earth.

The fury that possessed him was the fury which not even murder can satiate. He clenched his great hand flat and struck it suddenly out into the still, fog-laden night air, as though to beat down that beautiful alluring face under his feet.

"You—!" he said under his breath. "It was the old story; the woman tempted me."

He came presently to the gate of the garden of his home; and standing there he rested his hands upon the woodwork and gazed across through the darkness at the faint light which he knew shone from the window of his mother's bedroom.

His heart ached for a moment; but he set his teeth and dug his finger-nails into the soddened, rotten gate; for side by side with the pure and gentle image of his mother he could still see that other lovely face which had lured him to his doom. Even his crude imagination enabled him to live the scene over again.

She was as far above him in social station as his student brother was in intellect. She was a lady of title and his employer's wife. She had been "nobody," people had said, before her marriage with Lord Helby, who seemed to be three times her age.

She had often looked with kind eyes upon her husband's handsome young gamekeeper. She had once asked him if he would like to be her groom, but he answered with respect and truth that he was not used to horses and did not care for them.

"Oh, they are easily managed," she had said; and she had offered to get some

one to give him lessons in horsemanship.

Again he had thanked her, diffidently, courteously, thinking no evil. After that he often used to meet her during her walks in the woods around the castle; and she had always, even when Lord Helby had been with her, spoken to him with exceeding graciousness.

When he happened to meet her alone she would walk about with him for as long as an hour at a time through her lord's fields and plantations.

"You are not married, Muir, I think?" she had once said; and he had replied that he had no wife, and did not mean to try to get one so long as his mother lived, and he hoped that she would live for very many years yet.

"I hope so too, Muir," she had said; and to these words she had, after a moment's hesitation, added these other strange words: "I think marriage is a mistake; one seems to want so many things which it cannot give. I am sure mine has been a mistake. Women should marry men just a little older than themselves—say, three or four years."

Then she had paused again; then she had asked in a low, sweet voice:

"How old are you, Muir?"

The question had made his heart throb and his nostrils dilate.

and listened. The silence was absolute. He opened the door noiselessly and went in.

His brother was in bed asleep. As Adam Muir was crossing the floor to the bed he happened to catch sight of his own face in the looking glass on the dressing-table by one of the windows.

Adam Muir was incapable of physical fear, and it was a moral, a spiritual terror that held him there transfixed, gazing in a kind of horror at the white, ghastly face, with its great crazy-looking eyes and black tangled hair and beard, that gazed back at him from the glass.

It looked like the face of a man past middle age. He went close to the glass and looked steadily at himself. Then he shook his head slowly, and something like a smile came to his face. It was a smile that would have greatly shocked and alarmed his brother, had he seen it.

And Alec awoke just then, and quickly sat up in bed.

"Who is there?" he cried, rather excitedly; for the instant Adam had become aware that his brother was awake he had blown out the candle, leaving the room in utter darkness.

"Who is there?" Alec called out again, louder than ever.

"Don't speak so loud, Alec," Adam said.

"You will wake mother."

"Oh, it's you, Adam! But why on earth did you put out the light?"

There came no answer.

"What are you doing there, Adam?" the younger brother asked. "I say, light the candle, please! Why do you stand there in the darkness?—Adam!—What do you want, Adam?"

Then Adam Muir went up to his brother's bed and sat down on the edge of it.

"Be quiet, Alec," he said kindly yet firmly. "What are you making such a row about? I am going to bed. I came in to see if you had fallen asleep. I have shot you a hawk. It is a sparrow; I may get you a kestrel soon."

"Oh, thanks," Alec said. "But I can't see it in the darkness. What possessed you to put out the candle? Please light it."

"I am going to bed," Adam said again.

"I will put the hawk in the kitchen. I took care not to break its wings. I shot him in the head."

He rose from his brother's bed. But before he got away Alec had stretched out his hand and caught him by the sleeve of his coat.

Then, still holding him, the younger brother got right out of bed, and the two stood together in the darkness. It was so dark that they could not even faintly discern the outline of each other's face.

"Adam, something's gone wrong," Alec said. "What is it, Adam?"

There was no answer. Alec waited for some seconds. Then he put up his hands and felt his brother's face and head.

"Adam," he said with a startled cry—"is it you?"

"Yes, yes, dear lad," was the answer, "of course it's me!"

"Then why do you behave in such an extraordinary way? The moment I awoke you put out the candle. You will not light it again. What is the meaning of all this?"

"I tell you I'm going to bed. You know I often go to bed without a light."

"Yes, but you had the candle lit."

"Oh, don't worry me, Alec! don't worry me!"

It was a cry of despair; its peculiar terror frightened the younger man.

"Adam, what have you been doing?"

But never a word did Adam Muir answer.

"I'm going to light that candle," Alec said. "Give it to me, please."

He spoke loudly and with excitement.

"I tell you you must not speak so loud," Adam said with some sternness. "You know how hard it is for mother to get to sleep again after being awakened."

"Where is the candle?" Alec asked.

"It is in my hand."

His voice was less stern.

"How perverse you are, Alec! Now get into bed and I'll light it."

"You will light it?"

"Yes, yes."

He struck a match and lit the candle. He put it on the chair by the bed upon which he had previously laid the dead hawk.

"Now I'm going to bed," he said, turning his face from his brother. "I'm very tired. I've had a hard day and the land is heavy. Good-night, Alec."

Alec seemed to be in doubt as to what to do. His brother's clothes were covered with mud, and he looked tired and footsore; but he had often before seen him thus. There was nothing in his appearance to cause alarm. Certainly the light was bad and he only saw him indistinctly. But he seemed all right.

"Good night, Adam," he said.

As Alec Muir lay in bed examining the dead hawk by the candle-light, he heard some one either open or shut his mother's bedroom door.

"There's something wrong with Adam," he thought as he blew out the candle and drew the bed-clothes round his shoulders.

It was Adam Muir who had opened the door of his mother's room. He opened it cautiously, for he knew that there was a light in the room, and if his mother were awake she would instantly see him. But she was asleep.

He crept on tiptoe (although he was barefoot) up to her bed. Here was the last mortal face he gazed upon. That was well;

that was merciful; for it had been to him the sweetest and purest face in all the world.

How beautiful she looked in her calm, pure old age! There was a great yearning in his heart to bend down and kiss her, to put his arms round her neck and weep on her breast as he bade her farewell. But he crushed this longing within him.

He thought of that fair woman in the wood; he thought of the shameful blow and the shameful words which had been said to him; he tried to realize his mother's and his brother's anguish when they should see him in the dock on a charge of a loathsome crime; and his dire resolve to do away with himself strengthened even as he looked down upon his mother's sweet face with that haunted, demented expression in his eyes.

God help him! He was going away from her for ever; yet he dare not kiss her. He dare not say one word of farewell; he dare not leave her a written message asking for forgiveness.

The blood had been oozing from the wound in his thigh for hours. He felt that to drain the last drop from his body would be the smallest—the most cheerful—sacrifice he could make to be able to put his lips once more to hers. It was crowning agony that this was denied to him.

She was grown weak with age; and tears had fallen on her withered cheeks as she slept. Upon her brow lay a few thin white hairs; and stooping low Adam raised these in his hand and kissed them with a strange gentleness and reverence.

His mother did not wake; and he left her room without her knowing until Alec told her next day that he had entered it on the last night of his life.

Adam Muir's black retriever followed him out again into the fog-drenched woods and fields. He had left no word behind that would give the slightest clue to his terrible purpose.

On the contrary he designedly deceived his mother and brother by writing in pencil on a slip of paper these words:

"I have gone to try to get a shot at those herons that have come to Bonhard Lake. Please do not keep

now on my study table."

After that, we had a long chat about coincidences in general, though the one which had just occurred was singularly strange.

"I don't know much about their being common," said Mr. Larkins; "but I can tell you of a far more curious instance. One day, a stranger came in and asked for a copy of Blair's Sermons, a well-known book, but quite out of fashion now. He looked at the only copy I had, bought it, and paid for it; and was about to go, when he suddenly stopped and said:

"If you have no objection, I will leave the book with you until I happen to be in town again."

"By all means," said I; "as long as you please."

"Well, I kept that old book stowed away; but months passed, and I saw nothing of him. Then, as you know, it so fell out that I gave up my old premises at No. 190, and took these, and then three months more passed. But not a sign of my friend the purchaser of the book, whom, indeed, I had almost forgotten. At last, one evening, in came an old lady and asked for a copy of Blair's Sermons.

"I have only one copy," said I, "and I fear that I cannot part with that one, for it was bought and paid for six months ago, though the owner has never called for it."

"But the old lady was very urgent with me; and so at last I gave way. The price was twenty-five cents. My new customer handed me a two-dollar bill to pay for it, and I turned round to get change, when some one else suddenly turned, and I heard a sharp voice say:

"A pretty dance you have led me, Mr. Larkins. Here have I been hunting up and down the street in search of my old friend Blair. I could have sworn that I bought it at No. 190. I hope that the book is all safe."

"You are quite right about 190; and there is your copy of Blair tied up in paper as you left it six months ago. This lady had just persuaded me to let her have it, and I was just turning to give her change, when in you walked and claimed your property."

"And I mean to have it too," said the old man in rather a peevish tone. "Of course, he did have it; and the lady had to wait for another copy."

"Well, Mr. Larkins," said I, "that is even more curious than the adventure of the paper on rats. Did you ever see either of your customers again?"

"Never, to this day. But I haven't done with Sermons yet. A country schoolmaster somewhere down in Devonshire, wrote to me for a volume of 'Sermons to Boys.' I told him that it was out of print, but that a second-hand copy might not doubt be had. To this he agreed; and, of a friend lower down Booksellers' Row, I got him a copy, uncut, with his own handwriting on the fly-leaf given by the very same schoolmaster to a former pupil, who had carried it off to London, and showed how highly he valued sermons by selling his prize at a bookstall."

One more example and I have done. Miss M— of Bristol was a great writer of letters. One morning she entrusted a certain special letter to her brother C—, just starting for the city.

He, en route, meeting an elder brother G—, and wishing to get rid of the letter, entrusted it to him. G—, who possessed a memory as treacherous as a sieve, put it into an inner pocket of his overcoat for special safety, and straightway utterly forgot its very existence. The writer of the letter, supposing it to have been posted, also forgot the whole affair.

But many long months afterward, while repairing her brother's overcoat, she suddenly came upon that inner pocket, dived into it, and there found her own letter duly addressed and stamped. The discovery occurred on Christmas Day 1888; and when opened, the letter was found to be dated Christmas 1887.

There it had lain for a twelvemonth to the very day—though no doubt the coat had been used hundreds of times by its eccentric owner, without a thought of his past negligence.

Of course, it may be said of all such occurrences as this latter example of coincidence, that they are but trifles and scarcely worth our notice; nothing turns upon them, nothing ever happens in consequence of their having come to pass.

But for all that, it may be said, in reply, that for the most part life is made up of trifles, big and little, and that on some of these trifles events of singular interest and importance often chance to turn.

Many a grievous misfortune, or splendid good fortune, has depended on the loss or delivery, or discovery of a letter. Many a sudden and unexpected meeting of long-parted friends has caused joy or sorrow to a whole lifetime.

Many a strange chapter of adventure has issued from the sermons of an odd volume of sermons at a bookstall. Anyway, the whole subject seems to be one not to be dismissed as unworthy of consideration.

Whether any other factor besides that of chance enters into the birth of coincidences, and if so, what that factor may be, is a question which must be left to our reader's own consideration.

Want of space forbids me to pursue it; and I must be content if I set them thinking on some of the coincidences which have occurred in their own personal experience.

My friend Lawrence Harvey, to whom I once told one or two of the above coincidences, calmly shook his head, and then said:

"Well, I will add one case to your list, as curious as any you have mentioned. Last March I had a set of plans to finish for the office. I counted them up, and made just thirty-one of them. Now, it so happens that my birthday was on the 31st, and on that day, as I thought, I finished the last of them. While smoking my final pipe (not the thirty-first) that evening after my work was done, I said to myself: 'How oddly things do happen! Here am I, thirty-one years old to-day, with thirty-one plans on the 31st day of the month.' Then I looked in my day-book to see when I began them, and hoping that it was January 31. But it wasn't; very nearly, though—February the first. Before tying the plans up, I counted them over again; this time there were only thirty; not one more could I make of them. Another glance at my day book told me, too, that yesterday was my birthday! and that to-day was April the first, when wise men are sometimes made April fools. That," said Harvey spitefully, "was very near being a remarkable coincidence."

**COPIES FROM NATURE.**—Most of the skillful devices invented by men for doing fine work rapidly can be traced to Nature, where for countless centuries they have been operating.

The discoverer of each new appliance of mechanism might be shown that his idea was as old as the hills. It is suggested that the inventors of the future will be those who have carefully studied the natural world.

The burr stones of the mills are another style of the molar teeth, which grind all the grit that feed men and beasts. The jaws of the turtle and tortoise are natural scissors.

The squirrel carries chisels in his mouth, and the hippopotamus is provided with adzes, which are constantly sharpened as they are worn.

The carpenter's plane is found in the jaws of the bee. The iron mast of the modern ship is strengthened by deep ribs running along its interior. A porcupine quill is strengthened by similar ribs.

When engineers found that hollow beams were stronger than solid ones, they only discovered a principle that is very common in nature.

A wheat straw, if solid, could not support its head of grain. The bones of the higher animals are porous; those of birds, where lightness and strength are most beautifully combined, are hollow.

The framework of a ship resembles the skeleton of a herring. Aeronauts try to copy the structure and movements of birds. Pallas, the French potter, studied sea-shells to learn the best method of fortifying a town.

The shipworm is an admirable tunneller, boring his way through any submerged timber, and lining the round passage with a hard casing. The engineer, Brunel, took a hint from this animal, and was the first to succeed in tunnelling under water.

**AWKWARD TO HAVE AROUND.**—The private secretary of a certain Governor had a curious and somewhat startling experience with the graphophone lately. He began to turn the crank, and supposed that he was about to cause the machine to give out to the young lady type-writer a message which the Governor had talked into it the evening previous.

The young lady was all attention, and the private secretary began solemnly to turn the crank, which works by a treadle. To his horror and the intense embarrassment of the young lady, the following "morous jumble" was given out with decided emphasis:

"Now, don't, George. There; somebody will come. Of course I love you. There; somebody really is coming, and you have mused my hair all up. Please, love, I'm so afraid that someone will come in, and besides, I can't work this crank if you insist upon kissing me all the time."

## Our Young Folks.

THE FAY'S QUEST.

BY L. B. HILL.

COULD you tell me what lies beyond the whispering fir-trees?" asked the fay. "They are always whispering, and the winds blowing secrets through their boughs. See, they stand scattered near the clearing's edge, and the sun can shine through, but farther in they grow so thick that I can see nothing but the dim green light. And though they are always whispering, I cannot understand what they say. What does lie beyond the fir-trees?"

Overhead the sun shone broad and hot in the blue sky. The lizards below basked in his warmth, the butterflies flattered gay among the heather, the dragon-flies, with wings that seemed mirrors for the sky, hovered over the pool among the arrow-head flowers, the rabbit and her little ones frisked about, and the old tough hedgehog stretched his bristles lazily in the sunshine. What a beautiful sunny spot was the clearing in the fir forest! So hot and fresh, so full of sweet fragrance of fir and heather, so silent, and yet so full of faint happy sound. How happy it all was, and how still, and yet the fay wanted to know what lay beyond the forest.

"My little dear," said the rabbit, who had no brains to speak of, and gave good advice as often as he could—"my little dear, don't worry your head with foolish questions. It ought to be enough for any well-conducted animal to know where he is, what is his name, and whether he's got enough to eat. Everything else is of no importance, and ought to be left alone."

"Yes, but I want to know," said the fay. "My mamma used to say that all fays came from beyond the trees," remarked the hare. "And she ought to have known, for she was a very well-bred person, and most particular in her notions."

"Fiddle-de-dee!" growled the hedgehog. "Fiddle-de-dee!" is not a fit expression to use to a lady," said the hare severely, but the hedgehog only laughed in a rude way.

"It's my opinion," said he, "that there is nothing behind the fir-trees—nothing and nobody, and only very silly people bother their heads about such matters."

"But something must be," said the fay. "Sunbeams, can you tell me?"

"We don't know; how should we?" answered the sunbeams. "We each do our own little bit of work, and shine where the great sun bids us, and at night we speed back to him. Some of our brother-beams may shine there, but we do not know. We believe it is darkness behind the fir-woods."

Then the fay moved away to the ever-whispering woods, and as he went the butterflies fluttered round him, with their many-colored wings glancing in the sunshine.

"Why should you want to know, Fay?" asked they.

"Come and dance with us," buzzed the light gnats.

The robin sat on the gorse bush trilling and thrilling with song.

"Merry, merry, merry," sang he, "Winter and summer, year in, year out, what a merry place the world is! Why bother your head, fay? Come, cheer up, friend. Meet the world bravely, and don't look for trouble. That's my way."

"And a good way, robin, but not mine. I cannot rest. I must know. Dear winds," cried he, as he neared the forest, "do tell me what lies beyond."

"Hush—sh!" whispered the winds. "We cannot tell. We blow hither and thither among the tall trees, but there is a beyond to our blowing. Some of our brothers may blow there, but we do not know. We think it is silence beyond the fir woods. Hush—sh!"

"Silence and darkness," cried the fay. "But there must be another beyond."

And then he turned back to his friends, still playing in the sunshine.

"Friends, you none of you know what is beyond the forest, and the sunbeams say it is darkness, and the winds say it is silence, and I must go and see for myself. Will you come with me?"

But no, the wild creatures wouldn't. Why, indeed, should they? They were happy enough in the clearing.

The fay was afraid to go alone. He lingered day after day trying to persuade them, but they would not stir so long as the sun lasted and they were happy.

But one day the clouds came over the blue, and the rain drenched them, and it grew very cold, so that the butterflies crept away with closed wings, the hare crouched

low in the gorse clump, and the rabbit got cramp in her pretty white paws, and everything looked as wretched as could be.

The wind rustling through the forest drove the fay mad with longing to follow after it, and he begged and prayed the creatures to come with him on his quest.

The bad weather made them listen more readily than before. The clearing was colder and wetter than the forest in the first place, and then, as the hare said—

"If it couldn't make one more wretched, it was as well to be obliging sometimes."

The rabbit agreed, and remarked that "perhaps after all they might better themselves by doing the fay a kindness, for they might find a warmer place on the other side, and then what a comfort that would be to them to think of."

The hedgehog said he would go, just to prove he'd been in the right.

And the butterflies and gnats said "Anything for a change!"

But the redbreast said he would stay behind, so that someone might be ready to welcome them home again.

And so they set out, across the clearing and past the young scattered trees, through the brambles and the moss deep and soft, and so right into the forest.

The fay laughed, and clasped his hands for joy that his journey was begun, and the other animals were cheerful enough too.

But all at once the hedgehog knocked his stupid head against a tree with such a bang that both his eyes shut up tight, and he could not see an inch before his nose.

"There," said he, "I told you how it was. There's nothing and nobody, so far as I can make out."

And back he went to the clearing, where he did not recover his sight till the fine weather was come back, and even after that, when the forest was spoken of, he always said—

"Fiddle-de-dee! I went to see for myself once, and there was nothing and nobody there!"

The rest of the party went on a little farther, till the bramble tangles grew so thick that the hare could not jump through them.

So he stopped short and declared that she seemed to all over that she couldn't move another step.

"For," as she remarked, "nobody has a right to injure their health just to oblige a friend."

So back she went.

The rabbit went on a bit farther, though each hop made the forest denser around her. She thought of the fine sunny place that possibly lay before her, and that kept her courage up.

But by-and-by she turned her head, and saw the glimmering light of the clearing far behind her.

"Why, I declare the sun has come out again yonder. What a nonsensical thing it was to leave a place where I am sure I was very well off! Fay, it's not a bit of good going on, for I am sure we shall never better ourselves."

"I don't care about that. I want to know," answered the fay, peering into the fast growing darkness before him.

And so back the rabbit went. As for the butterflies and gnats, they had fluttered off long before in their foolish aimless way.

The fay went on alone, but not frightened any more at that. He left the storm behind, and the last glimpse of clearing, and all thought of his old friends, as he sped on ever deeper into the forest.

The wind voices hushed and hushed slowly; the light grew dimmer so gently and yet so surely, and still he went on. And then all at once he reached the Silence and the Darkness, and he plunged

## THE REAL PRESENCE.

BY J. S. FLETCHER.

In the heart of the city that's proud and gay,  
A child stood begging one summer day.

The world went by; but it took no heed,  
For the world has never a heart to bleed.

For the woes of others; it passed along  
And the child was alone in the hurrying throng.

It lingered there in the summer day  
Till another beggar came by that way.

Whose soul was sick with the whirl and strife  
Of the mystic something which men call Life.

He looked at the child; at its side he stopped,  
And into its hand his last penny he dropped;

Then he passed along with a half-breathed sigh,  
And said, "He wanted it more than I."

And in him as he passed my heart adored  
The living presence of Christ the Lord!

## ABOUT DOLES.

Feasting at funerals may be traced back to remote times in the history of various nations. Thus amongst the Jews at an early period we find a commendable custom prevailing.

It was the practice when one of their race died for the friends and neighbors to prepare the feast for the burial, so that those in the house of mourning might be spared additional trouble in their days of sorrow.

Under the Greeks and Romans, the feasting in course of time took the form of sumptuous banquets. A redeeming feature of the usage was the practice of giving a portion of the provisions to the poor—a charitable custom, which induced the early fathers of the Church to continue funeral feasts.

"Doles were used at funerals," we gather from St Chrysostom, "to procure the rest of the soul of the deceased, that he might find his judge propitious."

The Christians were not content merely to give food; other alms were also distributed. St Chrysostom observes in one of his homilies: "Would you honor the dead? Give alms."

Under the early Christians, this festival, was of quite a religious character, generally at the tomb of the deceased. There was divine service; the holy sacrament was administered, and a collection of alms made for the poor.

There was a feast, shared both by the clergy and the people, but more especially bestowed on the widow and orphan.

The softening influences of grief was ever directed by the Church into heart-opening channels of charity and good-will. In time the amount and quantity of such came to be specially described and appointed in the will of the dying person.

The distribution of doles at funerals has come down to comparatively recent times.

Even to the present day, in not a few instances bread is given at the graves of the persons who bequeathed it, and in this manner a custom is maintained which was instituted before the Christian era.

Torchbearers usually attended funerals in the days of old; they were poor men and women, who carried lights before the dead, emblematic of the glorified existence the departed were to enjoy beyond the grave.

These people often received articles of dress in addition to food and money. At some places, doles were sent to the homes of the inhabitants.

Sir Roger de Tychborne was a valiant knight who lived in the days of the second Henry. He resided in a stately Hall in Hampshire. His wife, Lady Mabella, was the means of the celebrated 'Tichborne Dole' being instituted.

"This dame," so runs the old legend, "being bedridden and extremely ill, petitioned her husband for the means of establishing a dole of bread, to be given to all poor persons who might ask for it on every succeeding feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

He promised her as much ground as she could walk round in the neighborhood of the house while a certain brand or billet was burning, supposing that, from her long infirmity, she would only be able to go round a small portion of his property.

The venerable dame, however, ordered her attendants to convey her to the corner of the park, where, being deposited on the ground, she seemed to acquire a renovation

of strength, and to the surprise of her anxious and admiring lord, who began to wonder where the pilgrimage might end, she crawled round several rich and goodly acres.

The field which was the scene of her extraordinary feat retains the name of the 'Crawls' to this day. It is situated at the entrance of the park, and contains an area of twenty-three acres.

Her task being completed, she was re-conveyed to her chamber, when, summoning her family to her bedside, she predicted the prosperity of the family while that annual dole existed; and left her malediction on any one of her descendants who should be so mean or covetous as to discontinue it, prophesying that when this happened, the family would become extinct from failure of heirs male, and that this would be foretold by a generation of seven sons being followed immediately after by a generation of seven daughters and no son.

In years ago, about nineteen hundred small loaves of bread were baked and given to those who made application for them, and if any persons remained unserved after the doles had been distributed, they were presented with twopence each.

Men and women came from all parts of the country; and even a week before the doles were given away, a number of folks assembled in the neighborhood to await the event.

It gave rise to much rioting; and about the commencement of the present century, the doles were discontinued, and in their place a sum of money given to the neighboring poor. Superstitious people used to preserve the bread as a certain remedy for several ailments, notably ague.

The Hospital of St. Cross, near Winchester, England, is called "The Almshouse of Noble Poverty," and no wayfarer has presented himself at the door of it since the days of King Stephen to the present hour who has not been entitled to receive a meal of bread and beer. The stranger has only to knock to receive a horn of ale and a dole of bread, known as the "wayfarers' dole." These charities were once common in that country; but we believe the Hospital of St. Cross is the only one which remains.

A RECIPES for making a comfortable home: Take of thought for self one part, two parts of thought for family; equal parts of common sense and broad intelligence, a large modicum of the sense of the fitness of things, a heaping measure of living above what your neighbors think of you, twice the quantity of keeping within your income, a sprinkling of what tends to refinement and aesthetic beauty, stirred thick with the true brand of Christian principle, and set to rise.

## Brains of Gold.

Think of ease, but work on.  
Banquet not upon borrowing.  
Be not proud even of well doing.  
Be willing to do well without praise.  
Be more ready to hear than to speak.  
He who injures another, injures himself.  
To delight in censure, is splenetic pride.  
Honest poverty is better than wealthy fraud.  
It is a poor soil that yields nothing to culture.  
They need much whom nothing will content.  
Use the means, and God will give the blessing.  
Through earthly business bear a heavenward mind.  
Humility seeks neither the first place nor the last word.  
He that would advance should not look backward.  
Hasty resolutions are more easily formed than performed.  
In all thy undertakings, consider the motive and the end.  
If sensuality were happiness, beasts would be happier than men.  
He is an adept in language, who never deviates from the truth.  
It takes money to be fashionable. The poor man who gets into the swim is liable to get out of his depth.  
Affliction acts like the wind upon the trees, making them take deeper root; it is the mowing of the grass that it may shoot up thicker and greener; it is the shaking of the torch that it may burn brighter.

## Femininities.

In a girl's room all roads lead to the looking glass.

A 9 year old girl in Kingsbury county, Dak., has plowed 50 acres of land since September 1st.

Another one of the horrors of being a woman is the possibility of becoming a mother-in-law.

To flatter a young woman ask her about her victims. Every girl likes to think she has victims.

It is not uncommon in drawing rooms to see several pillows piled one upon the other on the floor.

The best way to spread a thing is to tell a few very confidentially and ask them not to mention it.

The older the woman the smaller the bonnet, is the first rule in the grammar of millinery this fall.

The easiest way for a good wife to get along pleasantly is to practice what her husband preaches.

## Recent Book Issues.

"A Knight of Faith," by Lydia Hoyt Farmer, is a good, well written tale and with many will serve as a complete refutation of "Robert Elmers," and its doctrine. Price, cloth, \$1.00; J. S. Ogilvie, publisher, New York.

John Davis, who was born in 1656 and died in 1695 the navigator who discovered and gave his name to Davis Straits, is the interesting subject of a convenient biography printed by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, under the title of "John Davis, the Navigator." It is abundantly illustrated by diagrams and maps and has in its reading all the charm of a most exciting romance. For sale by Porter & Coates.

"Feet of Clay," by Amelia E. Barr, has been added to the new and uniform editions of Mrs. Barr's books, published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. It is one of her best and most impressive stories, and in some respects the strongest. A tender religious sentiment pervades it, and the plot points a useful moral in a graceful and unobtrusive manner. An excellent portrait of the author prefaces the volume.—Received from Porter & Coates.

## FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Quiver for December has for its frontispiece a beautiful colored plate called "The Parsonage Garden"; A new serial, "Worthy to be Loved," by E. Neal, author of "My Brother Basil," is begun in this number. Following this comes a paper by the Rev. Dr. Newman Hall, entitled "Be of Good Cheer"; "Jottings from a Minister's Note Book" is made more interesting by its clever illustrations. "On the Church Floor" is a paper on the tombs of the dead, which is followed by an article on "Lowell's Religious Poetry," accompanied by a portrait of Mr. Lowell. "Providence" is the title of a sermon by the Rev. J. B. Macduff, and there is a paper called "Never Young and Never Old," by the popular author of "How to Be Happy Though Married." There is an unusual number of bright short stories and poems in this number, and a big bundle of short arrows.—Cassell & Co., New York.

The November Wide Awake opens with a portrait and biography of Helen Hunt. Boys will be interested in the article about "Jackknives," with many illustrations. "The Big Gun's Game" is a capital story, and another is entitled "A Novel Postman," by Alice W. Whelidon. Mrs. Fremont tells how she went to a ball in California. Mrs. Clavin has a "Behavior" paper. Margaret Sidney's "Peppers" serial and Susan Coolidge's serial "A Little Knight of Labor" are concluded. Mrs. White gives us a closing paper of her "Public School Cooking" series. Prof. Starr finishes his "Geological Talks," and the last of the "Famous Stone" stories is given. The number contains many other good things—poems, sketches, and pictures. "Men and Things" is an entertaining department, full of original anecdotes and talk. The December number is to be much enlarged, and many brilliant attractions are promised for the new volume. D. Lothrop Co., publishers, Boston.

Age—A medical man compares an old man to an old wagon. With light loading and careful usage it will last for years, but one heavy load or sudden strain will break it and ruin it forever. Many people reach the age of fifty or sixty or seventy measurably free from most of the pains and infirmities of age, cheery at heart, and sound in health, ripe in wisdom and experience, with sympathies mellowed by age, and with reasonable prospects and opportunities for continued usefulness in the world for a considerable time.

Let such persons be thankful, but let them also be careful. An old constitution is like an old bone—broken with ease, mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale—an old one snaps and falls before the blast.

A single hard lift, an hour of heating work, an evening of exposure to rain or damp, a severe chill, an excess of food, a sudden fit of anger, an improper dose of medicine may cut off a valuable life in an hour, and leave the fair hopes of usefulness and enjoyment but a shapeless wreck.

NO HINDOO SHAVES HIMSELF.—In India everything runs by caste, and the barbers rank with the washermen and blacksmiths. A barber's son is always a barber, and a barber's daughter is sure to marry a barber. The Indian barber travels from house to house to do his shaving. He carries all his tools under his arm, wrapped up in a cloth, and when he shaves a customer he makes him squat down on his heels and bend over his head.

He then squats down on his own heels in front of him, and the two, without chair or stool, do the business in the most primitive manner. He usually shaves with cold water, and he is a manicure as well as a barber. No Hindoo shaves himself, and few Hindoos pare their own nails.

The barber is expected to take the gray hairs out of your head, eyebrows and mustache, and like his Chinese brother, he pays attention to cleaning the ears and to shaving the face, even to the corners of the eyes.

BY TRIFLING WITH A COLD, many a one allows himself to drift into a condition favorable to the development of some latent disease, which thereafter takes full possession of the system. Better cure your cold at once with Dr. Jayne's Expecto-rant, a good remedy for throat-ills and lung affections.

## A DOMESTIC DYNASTY.

Ann L., surnamed the Toller by the actual head of the family. Constitutionally opposed to rising with the lark, but affectionately inclined to other members of the species. After a reign of seven days, in which most of the dishes were beheaded, she was deposed and succeeded by

Bridget I., popularly called the Seven-days' Flirt, on account of possessing an admirer for each evening in the week. Giddy, pretty, and exceptionally blessed with incompetence, an article already sufficiently furnished by the three young ladies in the family.

She was rusticated in November and followed by a reign of terror, during which the said young ladies did the work. Then descended upon the kingdom of kitchen

Ann II., recommended in the highest terms, and of a top-silly and ignoring disposition. Felt it to be her mission to rule in the only right way—her way.

When meekly requested to cook the potatoes, responded, oracularly, "Cooked potatoes isn't healthy," and served them raw.

After a reign of six weeks was forcibly ejected by the combined efforts of the head of the house and his mother-in-law. Succeeded by

Norah, surnamed Lightfoot, on account of her abnormal pedal development. Her capacity for "kicking" was correspondingly great, and after three days of solid stubbornness, she abdicated in favor of her cousin,

Bridget II., a queen of the "may do it if I like ter;" generally didn't—born weary. Could not be impressed by any must, could, would, or should power. But after several picaresque battles between her own and the will of the household, was deposed, vowing vengeance, and succeeded by

A regency of four days, in which the mistress of the house poured oil on the troubled waters, got the ship of home safely anchored in the harbor of good order, and then turned over her command to

Sophronia, surnamed the Cook, whose reign was chiefly remarkable for the mystery surrounding her surname, no possible evidence ever being given by her as to its origin. Deposed without loss of time and followed by

Mary, sovereign of considerable executive ability, but a victim of alcoholic heridity and temperamental permanent intractability.

After threatening the lives of the entire household, from the mastiff to the man of the house, was requested to abdicate. Refused, intrenched behind a breastwork of the best china, using knives and forks for defensive weapons.

After a severe struggle the regiment of law and order, known as the "bluecoats," were triumphant, and she was imprisoned for high treason. End unrecorded. Succeeded by

Ellen the Pirate, whose vocation lightened the home of many superfluous articles, and the appearance of whose kingdom on the third day resulted in a council of war which decided to "give up housekeeping and take our meals out."

The prime minister and her cabinet now spend their mornings repairing the ravages in the kingdom, and the head of the house smiles and says "I told you so."

IDEAS OF A FUTURE LIFE.—The Iroquois and Huron Indians believed in a country for the souls of the dead, which they called the "country of ancestors." This is to the west, from which direction their traditions told that they had migrated. Spirits must go there after death by a very long and painful journey, past many rivers, and at the end of a narrow bridge fight with a dog like Cerberus, and some may fall into the water and be carried away over precipices. This road is all on the earth; but several of the Indian tribes consider the Milky Way to be the path of souls, those of human beings forming the main body of the stars, and their dogs, which also have souls, running on the sides. In their next world the Indians do the same as they customarily do here, but without life's troubles.

SILK AND PIPES.—Careful experiments have shown that waste silk is the most effective of all non-conducting coverings for steam pipes, and the demand for this purpose promises to be great, notwithstanding the high price.

A fact. A Baltimore parrot has been taught to say: "Take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup."

Salvation Oil is a genuine preparation for the cure of all pain. Nothing like it. 25c.

## LATEST &amp; GRANDEST PREMIUM!

## MOST COSTLY PAINTING IN THE WORLD

## Humorous.

## THE WOMAN WHO LAUGHS.

At tea, a blithesome little maid,  
Restrained by naught but nature's law,  
Went romping o'er the grassy glade,  
And laughed a merry  
Haw! haw! haw!

At twenty she was bright and fair,  
But now, restrained by fond mamma,  
She only tossed her golden hair,  
And laughed a rippling  
Haw! haw! haw!

At thirty she was more sedate,  
And still from wedded bondage free;  
She said her time was growing late,  
And laughed a yearning  
Haw! haw! haw!

At forty she despaired of joy,  
For none had come her heart to woo;  
She sighed for either man or boy,  
And laughed a doleful  
Who! who! who!

—U. N. NOME.

Kissing matches don't come by the box.  
A slow match—Four years of courtship.

Always certain to be behindhand—The wrist.

A signal failure—A futile attempt to stop a street car.

A credit table affair—The dinner that is not paid for.

The downward path—The one with a piece of orange peel on it.

A young horse always goes faster after being broken. It's the same with a bank-note.

Why is the centre of a tree like a dog's tail?—Because it is farthest from the bark.

When may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom?—When experience has made him sage.

The great trouble with the pug as a professional beauty is that his skin is made to fit a shorter dog.

"One swallow does not make a summer," but it may have occurred to you that one grasshopper makes more than a dozen springs.

"Aren't the eggs boiled yet, Sarah?"  
"I dunno, mum. They're been boiling an hour, mum, but the skin hasn't come off of 'em yet."

Old man, from the floor above: "Is that young man still in the parlor, Clara?" Young man, nervously: "Yes, sir, but he is trying to get away."

The new Spitz. He: "That's a handsome dog you have there. What breed is it?" Boston High School graduate, embarrassed: "That's a saliva dog."

Grandma: "I would like to know if that slip I set out four weeks ago has rooted." Little Beale: "No, grandma, it hasn't got a root. I've pulled it up every day and looked."

"John, this is a very bad report you bring me from school." "I know, father, but you know you said if I would bring you a first-class report you would give me a dollar, and I wanted to save you that expense."

Some one was saying before Smith that the best method of restoring those who had been frozen was to roll them in the snow. "That may do well enough in winter time, but what yer goin' to do in summer, when there ain't no snow?" commented that cheerful idiot.

She was sitting with her beau, when the old man came downstairs and opened the front door. "Surely, papa," she said, "you are not going out at this late hour?" "Merely to untie the dog," he replied. "Well, Miss Clara," said the young man, reaching for his hat, "I think I will say good-night."

Guest at eating house, grumbling: "Bring me some reed bird. Seems to me 50 cents is a good price for them, though." Walter: "Yes, sah, Reed birds is expensive. They are hard to get, sah, and we have to bring 'em a long distance." Behind the screen some minutes later: "Lively now. Hurry up them English sparrows."

Little Billy, who was about 4 years old, after waiting for his lunch a good while with commendable patience, said: "Mamma, may I have some sardines and bread?" To which the food mother replied: "Not now, Billy; wait until I am ready to give them to you." "But, ma, it's me who's hungry, not you!" and the poor little fellow's eyes filled with tears.

A heavy rain was falling and the street car was crowded. A sweet young girl entered and glanced timidly around. "Take my seat, Miss," said the hollow-eyed consumptive near the door, seeing that the burly, beef-faced man sitting next to him did not offer to rise. "Thank you, sir," she replied. And that sweet young girl with dripping gossamer sat down by the side of the burly individual and drenched him with cold rain water, while the hollow-eyed consumptive hung on to a strap, dry and happy. Politeness is its own reward.

## CATARRH.

HAY FEVER, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby these distressing diseases are rapidly and permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on application by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 & 239 West King St., Toronto, Canada.—Notwithstanding American.

**JEWEL SUPERSTITIONS.**—Amber is a cure for sore throat and all glandular swellings. It is said to be a concretion of bird's tears.

Crystal induces visions, promotes sleep, and insures good dreams. It is dedicated to the moon, and in metallurgy stands for silver.

Onyx contains in it an imprisoned devil which wakes at sunset and causes terror to the wearer, disturbing sleep with ugly dreams.

Turquoise, given by loving hands, carries with it happiness and good fortune. Its color always pales when the well-being of the giver is in peril.

**POULTRY.**—If the hens are kept for profit it is not economical to feed them the moldy grain. Only the best to be had should be given laying hens. In proportion to her weight the hen produces more than the cow, and in order to derive that product she must be treated liberally. If the hens are compelled to hunt their food entirely, and receive but little consideration from their owner, they will be unable to give a satisfactory return for the space they occupy on the farm.

When you hear a man say he has a bad wife just ask him what he has done to make her a good one.



**An Unequaled Triumph.**  
An agency business where talking is unnecessary. Here are portraits of Miss Anna Page of Austin, Texas, and Mr. J. H. Smith of Toledo, Ohio. The lady writes: "I do business at almost every house I visit. Every one wants your grand photograph album, and were I deaf and dumb I could secure orders rapidly." The man writes: "Your magnificent album is the greatest of all bargains; the people generally are wonderful struck and order at sight. The orders taken last week pay me a profit of over \$100. This is the chance you have been looking for. You can make from \$5 to \$25 and upwards every day of your life. Talk not necessary. You can make big money even though you don't say a word. Our new style album is the greatest success ever known, and the greatest bargain in the world. Double size—the largest made. Bound in richest, most elegant and artistic manner, in finest silk velvet plush. Bindings splendidly ornamented. Inside charmingly decorated with most beautiful flowers. It is a regular \$10 album, but it is sold to the people for only \$5. Now can we do it? It is the greatest hit of the times; we are manufacturing 500,000, and are satisfied with a profit of a few cents on each. Agents wanted! Any one can become a successful agent. Extra liberal terms to agents. We publish a great variety of Bibles and testaments; also subscription books and periodicals. Agents wanted for all. Our agents are always successful. We do the largest business with agents in America, and can give larger value for the money and better terms than any other firm. Particulars and terms for all of above mailed free. Write at once and see for yourself. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Box 990, Portland, Maine.

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## Latest Fashion Phases.

Long before the shops and large millinery establishments begin to display the winter fashions, the wholesale houses in the city are busy selling the wares they have prepared months beforehand, and these give the best evidence of the directions in which current styles are likely to lie.

I have seen a collection of hats and bonnets such as are now being scattered all over the country, and these, in a certain sense, revolutionize all our preconceived ideas of what the headgear of the immediate future is likely to be.

The hats are larger, the bonnets considerably smaller than those of past years. The crowns of hats have become low and flat, while the brims stand out well in front, and are shallow and close at the back. At least this is what they appear before they are trimmed. Ribbons and silk bows raise the crowns considerably.

One of the most wonderful hats imported from Paris, "The Louvre" by name, has a hard round crown, and a deep brim well overshadowing the face, but at the back another crown is attached, as though it had been accidentally set up against the other without any particular reason. When trimmed it is a really pretty headgear.

I saw one in the tone of felt popularly known as the "Eiffel," the brownish terra-cotta shade in which the famous tower is painted. The brim in front stood up high and boldly above the brow, and the bows of ribbon and the small birds disguised the hard outline of the double crown.

Another quaint hat has the felt crown fluted at the top in folds that radiate towards a centre button, after the fashion of a German student's cap; but the brim, which is broad, turned up at the back, and the wider front aspirated upwards, after the manner of an inverted saucer.

The coronets and form of head-dresses worn by the Empress Josephine and her sisters have had a marked influence on the season's hats and bonnets.

The Letitia, for example, has an upstanding brim, much higher in front than the crown, which diminishes to a couple of inches at the back, and coronets of jet of that form are used on many of the bonnets.

The sailor hat, after all, has few rivals, and it has been made this year of cashmere covering cork foundations, in all colors, red, black, and navy being perhaps most in request. It has the usual band of ribbon round, and a shallow brim.

Tweeds to match costumes are made up in the same way, in gray, brown, fawn, and navy-blue; and hats are made of the same shape in what is called "hatters' plush."

For traveling the Grizzly hat must commend itself to those who want something light, which will stand knocking about and compress into the smallest possible compass. The Grizzly is a rough make of soft felt with visible hairs.

It is made in black, brown, blue, green, fawn, and gray, bound with braid to match, and trimmed with bows of the same broad substantial make of braid. These hats are having a large sale and are quite new. The crowns are cloven, so they fold up easily.

There is more variety in the shape of hats than has been seen for some years. A picturesque and pretty one is the "John Gilpin," which has the brim rolled up on each side. It is generally trimmed with ribbons brought from the side to the top of the crown, where are many loops of ribbons standing up well in front.

The Tam o' Shanter appears in several new guises for boys; the foundation and band round is thick white woolen, with four pointed pieces of some bright colored velvet uniting beneath a button in the centre of the crown.

The "Duchess of Fife" hat is of the same order; it has a wide band of Astrakhan round the head, and full crown of velvet, with a bow of many loops thrust through with an eagle's feather; it requires to be well put on, and is most stylish.

Children are wearing Tam o' Shanters in two shades of velvet or plush. So much depends on the style of trimming hats; the shapes are completely transformed in the process.

For example, a very fashionable form has an almost flat crown, with the brim turning on to it at the back; this has upstanding bows, which give it great height.

The favorite shapes for winter are the "Sherbrook," which is somewhat of the boat order, with no apparent brim at the back, turning up wide at each side, and not at all in front; the bows are all placed on the top of the crown.

The "Ramille" is more of the Charles II. style, trimmed to appear very high; it is turned up only on one side, where the brim is positively pleated.

The "Passepartout" has a deep turned up brim at the back; the "Pompadour" is turned up and fluted at the back and one side only; and the "Ashleigh" is much after the same style. There are a few tri-corns, and a few new shapes are copied from a Mandarin's cap, such as the Tonkin, with a velvet brim.

Felt hats are now much more worn for riding than they used to be, and the "Row riding hat" just brought out has a hard, round crown and a brim which is hardly discernible at the back.

The Alaskan bow, so universally worn in the spring on bonnets, has now found its way to hats. The greatest novelty in hats for young children is a soft white beaver, which is extremely shaggy on the surface, and is trimmed with cord.

Velvet bonnets are to be universally worn this winter, and in the hand they seem almost infinitesimal, but not so when worn. Some have raised front brims, covered with fancy plushes having a silky figure upon them, like the uncut fine velvet. Other fronts are distinctly double, and some are pointed like the Marie Stuart head-dress.

What used to be called the "baby bonnet" is coming in again, only the crowns are harder and rounder; sometimes the brims are round, the crowns arched, and only the initiated would recognize in the trimmed bonnet the untrimmed shape; in the hand they all seem small, and have a most particular charm of style and form.

Astrakhan forms the foundation of many excellent examples. A red velvet toque was made to stand up in front by means of a small circular coronet of jet, through which the velvet was drawn, the crown being carried far back.

Aligrettes are introduced in nearly all the shapes, and peacocks' feathers, cut to the required shape, mingle with the dyed bird of paradise plumes, and the coarse and fine osprey. This coarse osprey is being used for the first time.

Jet appears in nearly all the new bonnets, but jet treated in a novel fashion, viz., riveted on a flexible iron foundation, so that it can be bent to any shape required. This is applied to bandeaux, aligrettes, and coronets, the coronets consisting mostly of bandeaux, whence radiate lines of diamond-cut jet, wider in the centre than at the sides. These on bonnets divide the lace and velvet. Quite new are the open crowns, and the bands of transparent jet. The Greek pattern is much in favor.

Bonnets and muffs are made to correspond, and a dainty example is white or rather cream cloth pinked at the edges and trimmed with beaver.

The muff has two corners of cloth falling from beneath the fur, and the bonnet over the face has a pouf of cloth and beaver. Another set displays sable tails.

Apricot velvet appears with black velvet on many styles of bonnets, and reseda velvet is a fashionable combination with jet. The shades of velvet employed in millinery are lovely—soft and artistic. The hats have bows of accordion pleated silk on the broad velvet brims, which are often piped with silk and feathers; bows are also introduced. Ostrich tips peep over the crowns of hats, and feather ruches border the brims.

Felt hats have often loose, soft velvet crowns. Pale blue it is announced, is to be worn this winter; but it is doubtful whether, in our dark, cold winter we shall adopt it.

The ribbons are mostly satin and velvet, reversible, though some have decided terry stripes, and a few handsome brocades are used. The flowers are made of rich velvet, admirably shaded and faithfully copied from Nature.

The newest pins used for securing bows are made of feathers of metallic hue. Feathers are announced to be worn in hats, but birds, such as gulls and Impayan pheasant wings, find most favor. Some bonnets are made entirely of pheasant feathers colored of a metallic sheen, the shape recalling a miniature helmet of a policeman.

Butterflies and bows are made of metallic feathers, which appear to have all the floppy softness of fur.

Ostrich feathers have been employed uncurled for boss and tippets, both white and in natural colors. The tippets are quite new, and bid fair to be much the fashion.

Some of the newest feathers just now are shaded in tartan colorings, and we are indebted to the Trojan and the several kinds of gulls for the prettiest additions to our millinery.